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THE NEW YORKER

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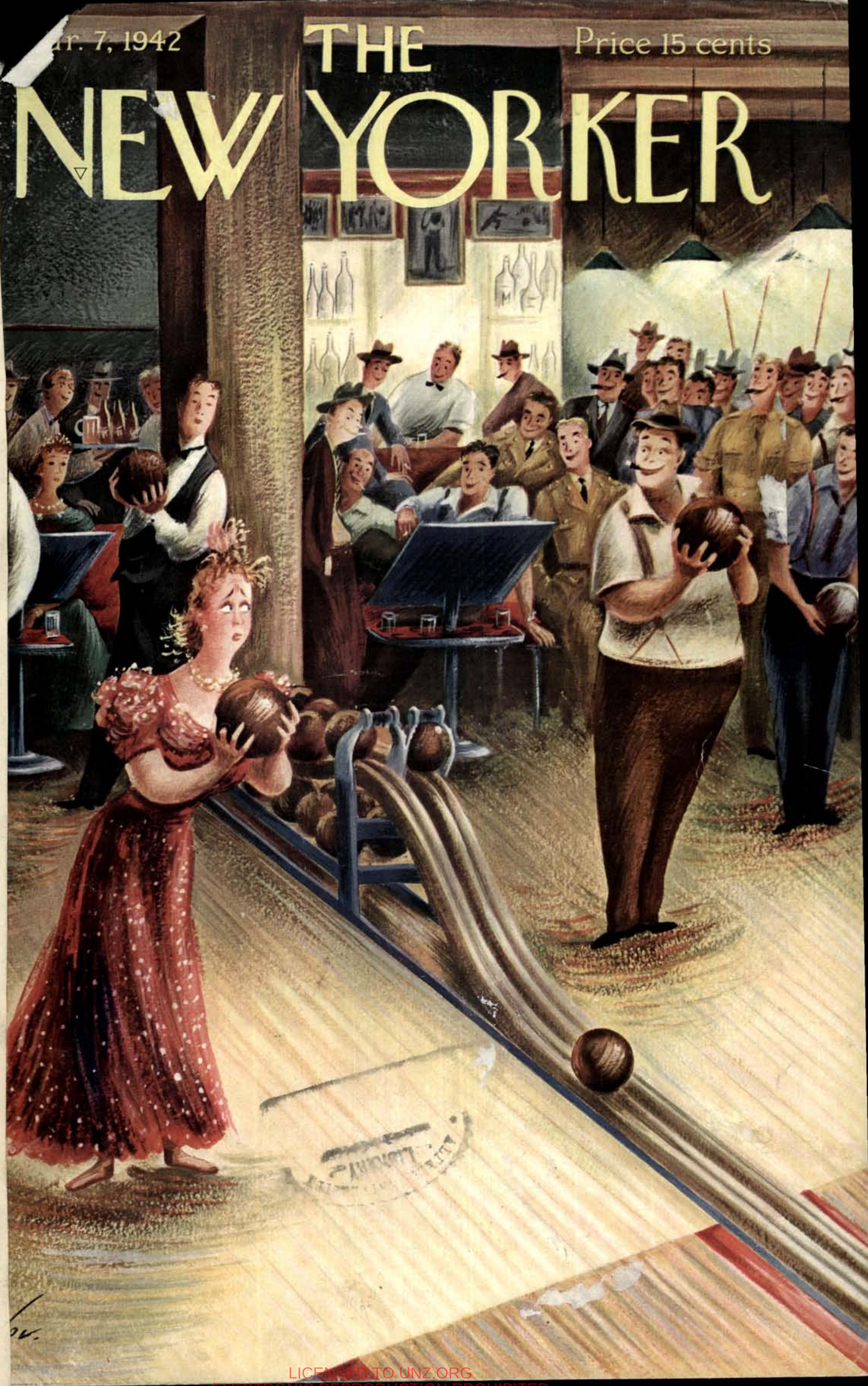

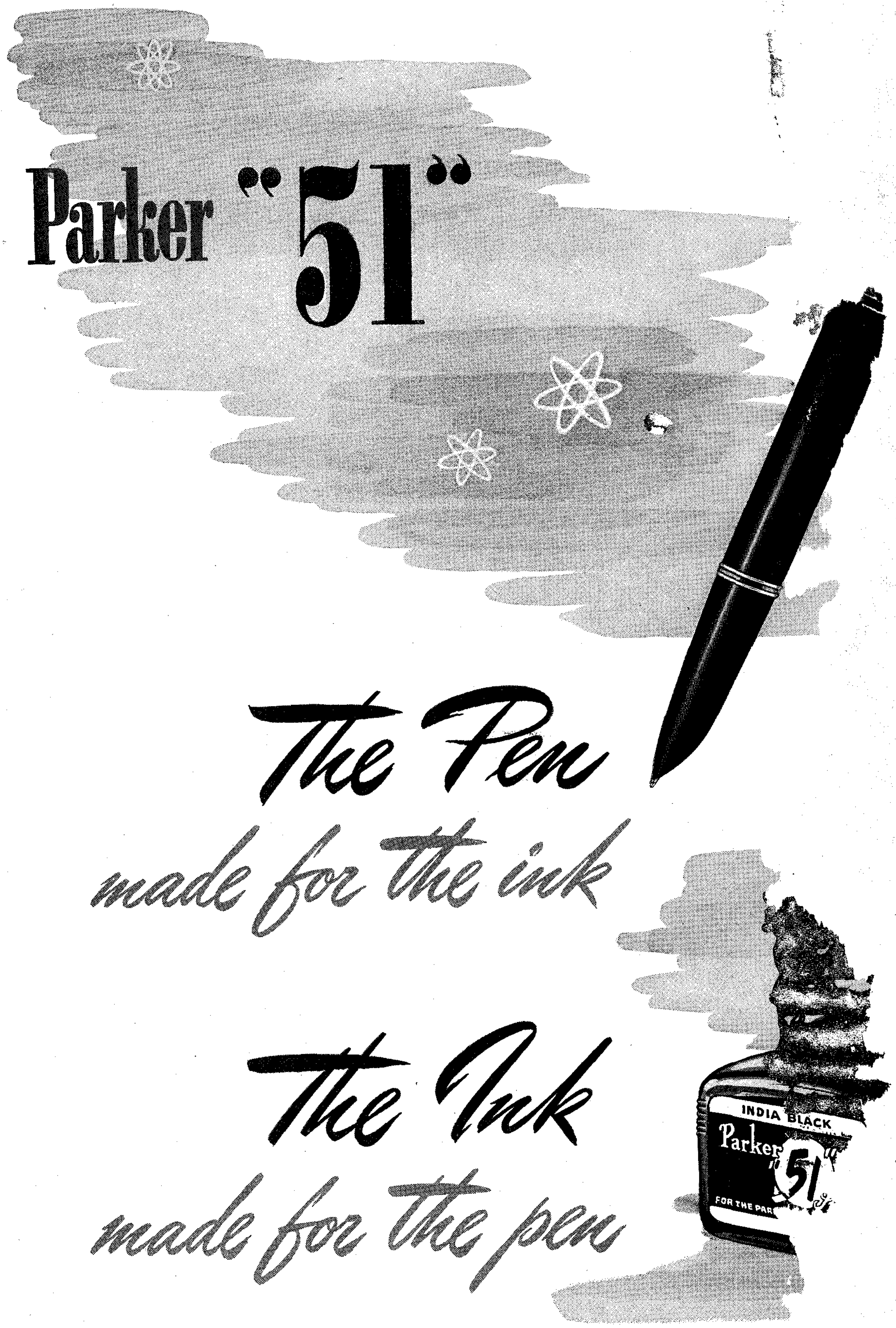
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 14.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve. Josephine Hull, Jean Adair, and Boris Karloff account for most of the slaughter in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's remarkable comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Café Crown—The special humor of Second Avenue and the Yiddish Art Theatre transferred to the stage by H. S. Kraft. Sam Jaffe and Morris Carnovsky are fine as local celebrities. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Claudia—It takes a misfortune in the family to convince Rose Franken's heroine that everybody has to grow up sometime. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Eves. at 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., March 7.)

Guest in the House—Mary Anderson, Leon Ames, and Louise Campbell in a rather exciting play about a young woman who doesn't know her own strength. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Heart of a City—A conventional little drama about how a London theatre carried on under the blitz. The girls in the cast are very attractive, especially Beverly Roberts, Margot Grahame, and Gertrude Musgrove. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Mon. through Sat. at 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs. and Sat.)

Jason—A playwright teaches a critic to love his fellow-man and then spoils it all by trying to seduce his wife. Highly implausible but reasonably entertaining. With George Macready and Nicholas Conte. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-0296. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat., and 3, Sun.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of two little girls called Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Extra performance Sun. Eve., March 8, at 8:40, for the Stage Relief Fund.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are excellent as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a good, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth and Jo Ann Sayers. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Spring Again—Grace George, C. Aubrey Smith, and Joseph Buloff are all very fine in a fairly comic account of how a lady gets rid of her father-in-law's ghost. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

WITH MUSIC

Banjo Eyes—A musical version of "Three Men on a Horse" which hasn't a great deal to recommend it except size and Eddie Cantor. Lionel Stander and the De Marcos are in the cast. (Hollywood, B'way at 51. CI 7-5545. Nightly, except Wed., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Best Foot Forward—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of them into a very pretty and cheerful comedy about life in a preparatory school. Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane wrote the music and lyrics; Jo Mielziner is responsible for the scenery. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

It Happens on Ice—Some lovely skating which starts off by being quite exciting but which you may find somewhat wearing before it's over. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., also Sun. at 3.)

Lady in the Dark—Gertrude Lawrence still carrying on splendidly in Moss Hart's psychiatric opera. The cast includes Eric Brotherson, Walter Coy, Willard Parker, and Paul McGrath. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Eve Arden and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Of V We Sing—A semi-professional revue containing a lot of nice children but not quite enough talent. (Concert, 58, E. CI 6-3853. Tues. through Sun. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Porgy and Bess—Catfish Row resurrected, and about time, too. Cheryl Crawford's production, with most of the original cast, is a delight in every way. Alexander Smallens conducts the orchestra. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. Carmen Miranda, Ella Logan, Frank Libuse, and Joe Besser help Olsen and Johnson to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

A Kiss for Cinderella—Luise Rainer, Ralph Forbes, and Cecil Humphreys in a revival of the Barrie play. Staged by Lee Strasberg and produced by Cheryl Crawford and Richard Krakeur. Opens Tues., March 10. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

Life, Laughter, and Tears—Three short plays—"Hello Out There" and "Coming Through the Rye," by William Saroyan, and "The End of the Beginning," by Sean O'Casey. Eddie Dowling will be in all three and Julie Haydon in the first two. Produced by Mr. Dowling. Opens Wed., March 11. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Mon. through Sat. at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

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EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

MISCELLANY

Priorities of 1942—A variety show, with Lou Holtz, Phil Baker, Willie Howard, and Paul Draper. Produced by Clifford C. Fischer and the Messrs. Shubert. Opens Thurs., March 12. (46th Street Theatre, tentative, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30, also Sat. at midnight. Mats. 2:30, daily, also Sun. at 5:30.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Boston Comic Opera Company in "The Gondoliers," Thurs. Eves., March 5 and 12; "The Mikado," Fri. and Tues. Eves., March 6 and 10, and Sat. Aft., March 14; "Iolanthe," Sat. and Sun. Afts., March 7-8, and Sat., Sun., Fri., and Sat. Eves., March 7, 8, 13, and 14; "Trial by Jury" and "The Pirates of Penzance," Wed. Eve., March 11. Tues. through Sun. at 8:30; Mats. 2:30. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664.) . . . The Savoy Opera Guild in "The Gondoliers," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., March 5-7, and "The Mikado," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., March 12-14, at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

Navy Relief Benefit—With many prominent entertainers from the theatre, radio, motion-picture, and musical fields: Tues. Eve., March 10, at 8:40. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

Studio Theatre—Presenting "Nathan the Wise," a translation from the German by Ferdinand Bruckner, with Herbert Berghof and Olive Deering: Wed. through Sun. Eves., March 11-15, at 8:30. (New School, 66 W. 12. For tickets, call GR 7-6221.)

Children's Entertainment—The Sue Hastings Marionettes in "Cinderella": Sat. Aft., March 7, at 3. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200.) . . . The King-Coit Children's Theatre in Thackeray's "The Rose and the Ring": Sat. and Sun. Afts., March 7-8, at 4. (Cosmopolitan Club, 129 E. 65. For tickets, call CA 5-8995.)

DANCE RECITALS

Argentinita—Appearing with her company in programs which will include some new compositions: Fri. through Sun. Eves., March 6-8, at 8:45. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990.)

Doris Humphrey and Charles Weidman—Presenting "This Passion," "Alcina Suite," "On My Mother's Side," and "Atavisms": Sat. and Sun. Eves., March 7-8, and Sat. Eve., March 14, at 8:45. (108 W. 16. CH 2-9819.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Fill-in orchestras may be substituted here and there on Mon. Eves.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—The Trianon Room has no floor show to interfere with your dancing to Jules Lande's orchestra.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins head the charming ice show in the Bowman Room. Music by Enric Madriguera's orchestra.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Joe E. Lewis among the palm trees. Nat Brandwynne's orchestra and a samba band.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still popular with refugees from Hollywood. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—The orchestras of Joseph C. Smith and Eddie Davis play good tunes as they were written.

Monte Carlo, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Bill Robinson, who will be here through Tues., March 10, and perhaps longer, seems undismayed by the lavish draperies. Ted Straeter's and Bob Knight's orchestras.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Waiters in knee breeches give the Cotillion Room a lordly air. Songs by Ella Logan and music by Stanley Melba's orchestra.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—Dick Gasparre's orchestra plays for dancing in the Persian Room, Eleanor French sings, and there's also a dance team and a puppet show.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—The altitude seems to have no ill effect on Monna Montes and Alexis Dolinoff, of the Metropolitan Ballet, who head the show. Carmen Cavallaro's

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, secretary and treasurer; R.B. Bowen, advertising director. Vol. XVIII, No. 3, March 7, 1942. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1942, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A. Subscription prices: United States and possessions, 1 year $5.00; Pan-America and Spain, $5.50; Canada, $6.00; Other Foreign, $7.00.

orchestra and Clemente's rumba band. Formal dress required on the dance floor after 10 P.M. . . . Russ Smith's orchestra keeps right on playing in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Maurice and Cordoba and Paul Sparr's orchestra are in the Iridium Room. Formal dress required on the dance floor.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Hoysradt's impersonations have been crowding them into the Café Lounge for some time now. The music is by Ernie Holst's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—Filled with the better-looking uniforms. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Billy de Wolfe, chorus girls, a tightwire-walker, but no trained seals. Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The Hartmans are giving their all in the Wedgwood Room at the supper hour. Dinah Shore and Freddy Martin's orchestra are around throughout the evening.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**LE RUBAN BLEU,** 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): beginning Tues., March 10, Maxine Sullivan will join the other performers in this small, quiet place. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, singing those songs, is the mainstay here. . . . **PENTHOUSE CLUB,** 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of Central Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At **LE COQ ROUGE,** 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easygoing kind of place, with Dick Wilson's orchestra. . . . **ARMANDO'S,** 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and everything nice and cozy. . . . **LA MARTINIQUE,** 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Val Olman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show which includes Mata and Hari and Georgie Price. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY UPTOWN,** 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): Negro entertainment, with music coming at you pretty fast from Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and John Kirby's and Eddie South's bands. . . . **CASINO RUSSE,** 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a Russian program, with folk songs and such. Kris Kay's and Nicholas Matthey's orchestras. Closed Mon. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Evalyn Tyner's orchestra. No dancing Mon. . . . **NEW YORKER HOTEL,** 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Benny Goodman's orchestra will be replaced by Woody Herman's on Fri., March 13. The ice show will stay on. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Jimmy Dorsey's orchestra. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **WARWICK,** 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a mite of a dance floor and Sande Williams' orchestra. . . . **BILL'S GAY NINETIES,** 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for the folk songs of Burl Ives and Calypso numbers by Belle Rosette. Closed Mon. . . . **JIMMY KELLY'S,** 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At **LA CONGA,** 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): Jack Harris's orchestra, surrounded by South Americana. . . . **HAVANA-MADRID,** B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with the inevitable rumba band. . . . **18 CLUB,** 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't especially delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind. Frankie Hyers is also active. . . . **DIAMOND HORSESHOE,** 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compson, Nita Naldi, Gilda Gray, and Joe E. Howard.

Mostly for Music—At **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village, including Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra. Closed Mon. . . . **NICK'S,** 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Sidney Bechet, Pee Wee Russell, and a number of others play in this Village landmark. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio; on Mon., a juke box takes over. . . . **KELLY'S STABLE,** 137 W. 52 (CI 7-9738): the King Cole Trio, Nick Jerret's orchestra, and sawdust on the floor.

Foreign Flavor—Scandinavian: **CASTLEHOLM,** 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873). . . . Russian: **KRETCHMA,** 244 E. 14 (GR 7-9784). . . . Latin: **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

ART

Americans—At the **MACBETH,** 11 E. 57: paintings by George Inness, Albert Ryder, and other nineteenth-century artists. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 7. . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 730 5 Ave., at 57: about thirty drawings by Glackens, Hart, Henri, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 21. . . . **HARRIMAN,** 63 E. 57: paintings by twenty-five primitive artists, selected by Sidney Janis, who knows his way around in this field. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 14. . . . **MIDTOWN,** 605 Madison, at 58: the gallery celebrates its tenth anniversary with a loan show of works by Isabel Bishop, Doris Rosenthal, Jacob Getlar Smith, and others of its group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 21.

Artists in Exile—At the **MATISSE,** 41 E. 57: paintings and sculptures by Tanguy, Ernst, Chagall, Lipchitz, and a number of others, in an imposing roundup of European artists exiled by the war and now living here. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 28. . . . **DEMOTTE,** 39 E. 51: nice paintings by Kokoschka and some other Czecho-Slovakians, in about as informative a survey of works by artists of that unhappy little country as could be expected under the circumstances; a benefit for free Czecho-Slovakian forces. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Thurs., March 12.

Austin—New oils by an artist with a considerable flair for the sinuous and mysterious: Perls, 32 E. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 28.

Baroque Painting—Works by Salvator Rosa, Luigi Crespi, and other members of a seventeenth-century school that has had an increasing influence on modern art: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 14.

Benedetto—Oils, smoothly decorative and crisply composed: Associated American Artists', 711 5 Ave., at 55. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., March 10.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway—Large and well-selected exhibition of works by Mount and Quidor, those early-nineteenth-century American painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., March 8.

English Portraits—Eighteenth-century paintings by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Raeburn, and such not so well-known artists as Francis Abbott and William Owen: Newton, 11 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through March 21.

Folk Art—American wars and warriors from 1790 to 1890, as portrayed by folk painters and sculptors: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through March 28.

French—At the **LILIENFELD,** 21 E. 57: oils by Derain and Utrillo. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 7. . . . **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57: from Daumier and Corot to Cézanne and Renoir, in a survey of nineteenth-century painters. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 28.

Klee—A rotating exhibition of works by this artist—oils, water colors, and other media—planned to continue throughout the rest of the season: Nierendorf, 18 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Masson—Paintings and drawings by one of the original Paris surrealists, his first one-man showing here since 1935: Buchholz and Willard Galleries, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 14.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—Some special exhibits: a large, varied loan show of contemporary American paintings and sculptures, bearing the self-descriptive title "On the Bright Side" (through March 15); the Museum's collection of Rembrandts, shown in its entirety for the first time, and stirring architectural etchings by Piranesi (both through March 29); the Gallatin collection of Greek vases, with over two hundred and fifty examples, ranging from the seventh to the second centuries B.C. (through April 30). Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Mitchell—Big, vigorous water-color views of Colorado, Arizona, and other points west: Rehn, 683 5 Ave., at 54. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., March 7.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—Lively show of water colors, drawings, and photographs, some amateurish and some decidedly good, by soldiers at Fort Custer, Michigan; also, paintings and sculptures by eighteen contemporary Americans, all living outside the New York area. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sun., March 8.

O'Keeffe—Bones, flowers, and other incongruities again juxtaposed with this artist's faultless skill and taste: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through March 27.

Picasso—Eleven paintings, done between 1918 and 1926, and practically all masterpieces: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 7.

Quirt—One of the first American surrealists, this artist shows some of his best and most imaginative work to date: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., March 14.

Tamayo—Eleven paintings and a sculpture by one of the most original of the modern Mexican artists: Valentine, 55 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 7.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—Large, carefully selected exhibition of prints by American artists from 1914 to the present; also, selected sculptures by contemporary Americans. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 31.

Here and There—At the **KNOEDLER,** 14 E. 57: paintings by William Thoeny. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 7. . . . **KLEEMANN,** 38 E. 57: oils by Elliot Orr. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., March 7. . . . **ANDRE SELIGMANN,** 15 E. 57: portraits and landscapes by old masters and contemporary artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 21. . . . **FERARGIL,** 63 E. 57: recent paintings by Oronzo Gasparo (through Sat., March 7) and water colors by James Lechay (through Sat., March 14). Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. . . . **SCHNEIDER-GABRIEL,** 71 E. 57: water colors by nineteenth-century American and European artists. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 21. . . . **CARSTAIRS,** 11 E. 57: oils by Antonio Rodrigues Luna. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 21. . . . **ARTISTS',** 113 W. 13: paintings, carvings, and other works by Boris Margo. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Tues. and Thurs. Eves., 8 to 10); Sun., 2 to 6 and 8 to 10 P.M.; through March 16. . . . **WEYHE,** 794 Lexington, at 61: drawings, water colors, and prints by Pierre Bonnard. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 31. . . . **CONTEMPORARY ARTS,** 38 W. 57: annual midseason retrospective of works by this gallery's group. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 11:30); Sun., 2:30 to 5:30 P.M.; through March 21. . . . **AMERICAN BRITISH ART CENTER,** 44 W. 56: annual exhibition by the New York Society of Women Artists. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 7 P.M.; through Sat., March 14. . . . **JULIEN LEVY,** 11 E. 57: paintings by John Atherton. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through March 30.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—Carnegie Hall—Goossens conducting: Thurs. Eve., March 5, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., March 6, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., March 7, at 8:45; Sun. Aft., March 8, at 3. Barbirolli conducting: Wed. Eve., March 11, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., March 13, at 2:30. (Soloists: Menuhin, March 5-6; Stewart, March 7-8; Francescatti, March 11 and 13.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Ormandy conducting; soloist, Feuermann: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., March 10, at 8:45.

Boston Symphony—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., March 12, at 8:45; Sat. Aft., March 14, at 2:30. . . . Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-6700), Fri. Eve., March 13, at 8:30.

Fordham University Glee Club—Joslyn conducting: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., March 6, at 8:40.

Jazz Concert—The second of a series directed by Eddie Condon, with, among others, Henry Allen, John Kirby, Zutty Singleton, and Muggsy Spanier: Town Hall, Sat. Aft., March 7, at 5:30.

Museum Concerts—Annual symphonic series, Mannes conducting: Metropolitan Museum of Art, Sun. Afts. at 4.

New York City Symphony—Krueger conducting; soloist, Castagna: Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., March 8, at 5:30.

New Friends of Music Orchestra—Stiedry conducting: Town Hall, Sun. Aft., March 8, at 5:30.

College of St. Elizabeth Glee Club—Joslyn conducting: Town Hall, Sat. Eve., March 14, at 8:30.

RECITALS

Carnegie Hall—Vladimir Horowitz, Fri. Eve., March 6, at 8:30.

Town Hall—Guiomar Novaes, Sat. Aft., March 7, at 3.

Elsewhere—At the **NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY,** 5 Ave. at

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, MARCH 5, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 14.

42: League of Composers' concert of Latin-American music, Sun. Aft., March 8, at 3. (For tickets, write to the League of Composers, 113 W. 57.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53: contemporary chamber-music concert by the Musical Art Quartet and Frank Sheridan, Mon. Eve., March 9, at 8:45. (For tickets, call CI 6-3932.) . . . **BROOKLYN ACADEMY OF MUSIC,** 30 Lafayette Ave.: Marian Anderson, Wed. Eve., March 11, at 8:30. (ST 3-6700.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—"Tannhäuser," Thurs. Eve., March 5; "Aïda," Fri. Eve., March 6; "Don Giovanni," Sat. Aft., March 7; "Tosca," Sat. Eve., March 7; "Carmen," Mon. Eve., March 9; "The Magic Flute," Wed. Eve., March 11; "Pagliacci" and "The Island God," Thurs. Eve., March 12; "Der Rosenkavalier," Fri. Eve., March 13; "Faust," Sat. Aft., March 14; "Lohengrin," Sat. Eve., March 14. (Curtain times vary and are not fixed until a day or so before the performance; it's best to make a last-minute call to the box office, PE 6-1210.)

SPORTS

Hockey—Madison Square Garden—Professional games, 8:40 P.M.: Brooklyn Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs., March 5; Rangers vs. Toronto, Sun., March 8; Rangers vs. Boston, Thurs., March 12. . . . Amateur-series games, Sun., March 8, at 1:30 P.M.

Boxing—Madison Square Garden: Sammy Angott vs. Bob Montgomery, catchweights, 12 rounds, Fri., March 6; Johnny Colan vs. Jimmy Webb, 12 rounds, light heavyweights, Fri., March 13; preliminaries at 8:30, main matches at about 10 P.M.

Track—Madison Square Garden, at 8 P.M.: Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. Meet, Sat., March 7; K. of C. Meet, Sat., March 14.

Indoor Polo—Intercollegiate Championship, U.S. Military Academy, West Point: Princeton vs. Cornell, and Yale vs. Pennsylvania Military College, Sat., March 7, at 2 P.M.; semifinals, Wed., March 11, at 3:45 P.M.; final, Sat., March 14, at 2 P.M.

Skiing—Eastern amateur four-event individual championships, Laconia-Gilford, N. H., Sat. and Sun., March 7-8.

Skeet—Middle Atlantic championships, Remington Gun Club, Lordship, Stratford, Conn., Sat. and Sun., March 7-8, at 9 A.M.

OTHER EVENTS

Photography—About two hundred and fifty prints in the annual International Salon of Photography, sponsored by the Pictorial Photographers of America, with entries this year largely restricted to the Western Hemisphere: American Museum of Natural History, Central Pk. W. at 77. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 22.

Firearms Exhibition—A hundred and thirty revolvers, including a number of historical pieces and two rare Whitneyville Walkers, all manufactured by Samuel Colt from 1836 to 1872: Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through May 3.

Scale Models—Twenty-one examples of nineteenth-century ships used by this country, Britain, and France: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through March 15.

Benefit—The Verdi Club's annual entertainment and ball for the aid of war veterans: Hotel Plaza, Thurs. Eve., March 5, at 8.

Morgan Library—"The British Tradition," an exhibition of illuminated manuscripts, autograph letters and manuscripts, documents, and other items, from the eleventh through the nineteenth centuries, all having to do with Great Britain and all assembled from the Library's permanent collection; also, a collection of rare silver, lent by J. P. Morgan: 29 E. 36. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through March 30.

On the Air—"Don Giovanni," with Bampton, Novotna, Pinza, and Kipnis, from the Metropolitan Opera House, Sat. Aft., March 7, at 2, WJZ. . . . Philharmonic-Symphony, Goossens conducting, Sun. Aft., March 8, at 3, WABC. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Toscanini conducting, Sat. Eve., March 14, at 9, WJZ. . . . Baseball: Giants vs. Dodgers, from Miami, Sat. Aft., March 14, at 3, WOR.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Frazier Hunt, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 6, WABC; Quincy Howe, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 9, WQXR; H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:15, WEAF; Waverley Root, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:30, WINS; William L. Shirer, Sun. Afts. at 5:45, WABC; Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Thurs. Eves. at 10, WOR; Wythe Williams, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 8:30, WHN. . . . News from abroad, Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; Sun. Afts. at 1:30, WOR; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

TELEVISION—Civilian-defense programs: on blackouts, Mon. through Wed., March 9-11, at 10:30 and 11:30 A.M. and 3, 4, 8, and 9 P.M., over WNBT; on first aid, Mon., March 9, at 8:25 P.M., and Tues., March 10, at 9 P.M., and on volunteers in civilian defense, Wed., March 11, at 8:25 P.M., over WCBW.

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57—Paintings, including some by Corot, Reynolds, and Van Dyck, owned by Daniel W. Patterson and others: Thurs. Eve., March 5, at 8:15. . . . Early American furniture, and silver and decorations, belonging to Mrs. Nelson B. Williams, Miss Catharine Van Cortlandt Mathews, Mrs. William V. Mason, and others; Sat. Aft., March 7, at 2. . . . First editions, books on the sea, and other works, owned by John P. Kane, the estate of the late Edward C. Gale, and others: Wed. and Thurs. Afts., March 11-12, at 2.

MOTION PICTURES

All That Money Can Buy—A fable of New Hampshire in the eighteen-forties, from Stephen Vincent Benét's story "The Devil and Daniel Webster," with Anne Shirley, Walter Huston, and Edward Arnold. Unusual and interesting. (Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. and Tues., March 9-10.)

Ball of Fire—Some instruction in current slang, though not in the least a schoolroomy film, as Barbara Stanwyck and Gary Cooper present the course. (R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Thurs., March 6-12.)

Birth of the Blues—The old songs, and just a few of the new models, in a pleasant Bing Crosby and Mary Martin affair. For the "Waiting at the Church" generation especially. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; through Fri., March 6. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., March 7. . . . Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; Sat. through Mon., March 7-9.)

Captains of the Clouds—James Cagney, excellent stunt flying and color photography, and a thread-like plot. (Strand, B'way at 47; through Thurs., March 12.)

The Forgotten Village—A study, in a way, of a back-hills Mexican village which hasn't got a single modern idea or a single inch of plumbing. Steinbeck and Burgess Meredith have both contributed their talents to the piece. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Sat., March 7.)

H. M. Pulham, Esq.—Hedy Lamarr, as a lady who rejects Boston, and Robert Young, as the man who gives up all for it, in a well-made screen play of the Marquand novel. With Ruth Hussey. (Beacon, B'way at 75; Fri. through Tues., March 6-10. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; Sun. through Wed., March 8-11. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Tues. through Thurs., March 10-12.)

Hold Back the Dawn—Drama in a Mexican border town, with Olivia de Havilland and Charles Boyer solving the immigration problem in their personal fashion. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., March 7-9.)

How Green Was My Valley—Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon in a dignified and yet at times very stirring story of life among the miners of Wales. A skillfully handled film. (77th Street, B'way at 77; Thurs., March 5. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; through Fri., March 6. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., March 10-11.)

The Invaders—Nazi adventures in Canada, and altogether an exciting travelogue. With Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, and Raymond Massey. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

Kings Row—An adult story, well written and firmly acted. Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Robert Cummings, Claude Rains, and a generally fine cast. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

Laburnum Grove—Edmund Gwenn in that nice little play of the genteel counterfeiter which we saw on the stage here a while ago. With Sir Cedric Hardwicke. (Normandie, Park at 53; Fri. through Sun., March 6-8. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. and Mon., March 8-9.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A scrupulous photographing of the Kaufman-Hart success, with Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, and Monty Woolley. Especially for people who saw the play only once or twice or not at all. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; and Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., March 6. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Thurs., March 6-12. . . . 77th Street, B'way at 77; starting Fri., March 6. . . . Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Sat. through Fri., March 7-13. . . . Carlton, B'way at 100; starting Wed., March 11.)

Sergeant York—A magnificent picture of the last war, based on the diary of one of the great figures of that day. With Gary Cooper. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Fri. through Thurs., March 6-12.)

Son of Fury—Wild adventure in old England and on the South Seas. With Gene Tierney and Tyrone Power in a series of assorted scuffles. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., March 11.)

Target for Tonight—An impressive, literal, and realistic account of an R.A.F. raid on a German town. No nonsense or fabrication, and intensely interesting. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; through Fri., March 6.)

Woman of the Year—There being no accounting for tastes, you may not object to this innocuous little number about a bluestocking who is reformed by a red-blooded, two-fisted, he-man sports reporter. Hepburn and Tracy. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50; through Wed., March 11.)

REVIVALS

Citizen Kane (1941)—Orson Welles' study of a rich man and his life. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., March 10-11. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., March 11-13.)

Crime et Châtiment (1935)—French film of the Dostoevski novel. Harry Baur. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; through Thurs., March 12.)

The Great Garrick (1937)—Brian Aherne, dressed up as the actor, and Olivia de Havilland. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., March 6.)

The Housekeeper's Daughter (1939)—Parodying crime thrillers. Joan Bennett and Adolphe Menjou. (Normandie, Park at 53; Thurs., March 5.)

I Love You Again (1940)—William Powell, with amnesia and Myrna Loy. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., March 8-10.)

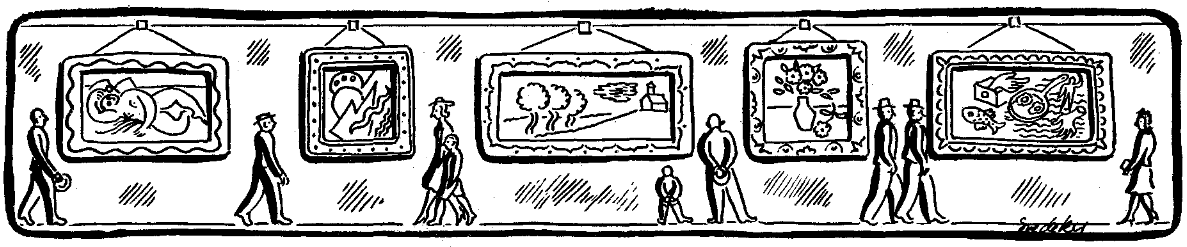
The Life of Emile Zola (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Globe, B'way at 46; starting Sat., March 7.)

Love from a Stranger (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., March 10-11.)

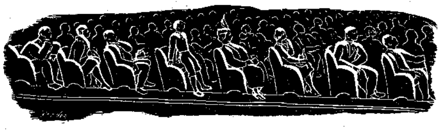
Mayerling (1937)—An archduke's tragic love. French, with Charles Boyer and Danielle Darrieux. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. and Thurs., March 11-12.)

Ziegfeld Girl (1941)—Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, James Stewart, and the Follies. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sun. through Tues., March 8-10.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following films daily at 4 P.M. (also at 2 P.M. on Sun.) on this schedule—**THURS. AND FRI., MARCH 5-6:** "The Last of the Line" (1914) and "Civilization" (1916), both directed by Thomas H. Ince. **SAT. AND SUN., MARCH 7-8:** "Intolerance" (1916), directed by D. W. Griffith. **MON. AND TUES., MARCH 9-10:** five Mack Sennett comedies (1910-20). **WED. AND THURS., MARCH 11-12:** five Chaplin Keystone comedies (1914). **FRI. AND SAT., MARCH 13-14:** four Chaplin Essanay comedies (1915).



AT THE MOVIE HOUSES



THURSDAY, MARCH 5, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11

THIS IS A LIST OF FILMS AT SELECTED MOTION-PICTURE THEATRES IN MANHATTAN. FILMS OF INTEREST ARE INDICATED BY HEAVY TYPE; YOU CAN LEARN MORE ABOUT THEM ON PAGE 4, UNDER "MOTION PICTURES."

THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45 (CI 6-4642)—**KINGS ROW,** Ann Sheridan, Robert Cummings, Betty Field.

Capitol, B'way at 51 (CO 5-1250)—**THE INVADERS,** Laurence Olivier, Leslie Howard, Raymond Massey.

Criterion, B'way at 44 (BR 9-3839)—"Ride 'Em Cowboy," Abbott and Costello.

Globe, B'way at 46 (CI 6-0800)—Through Fri., March 6: "A Gentleman at Heart," Carole Landis, Cesar Romero, Milton Berle. . . . From Sat., March 7: **THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA,** revival, Paul Muni, Gale Sondergaard.

Palace, B'way at 47 (BR 9-4300)—Through Wed., March 11: **SON OF FURY,** Gene Tierney, Tyrone Power; also "Joan of Paris," Michèle Morgan, Paul Henreid, Thomas Mitchell.

Paramount, B'way at 43 (CH 4-7022)—Through Tues., March 10: "The Lady Has Plans," Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland. . . . From Wed., March 11: "The Fleet's In," Dorothy Lamour, William Holden.

Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50 (CI 6-4600)—Through Wed., March 11: **WOMAN OF THE YEAR,** Katharine Hepburn, Spencer Tracy.

Rivoli, B'way at 49 (CI 7-1633)—Through Tues., March 10: "Mister V," Leslie Howard, Mary Morris, Francis Sullivan. . . . From Wed., March 11: "To Be or Not to Be," Carole Lombard, Jack Benny.

Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50 (CI 7-6000)—Through Wed., March 11: "Roxie Hart," Ginger Rogers, Adolphe Menjou, George Montgomery.

State, B'way at 45 (BR 9-1957)—Through Wed., March 11: "The Remarkable Andrew," William Holden, Ellen Drew, Brian Donlevy.

Strand, B'way at 47 (CI 7-5900)—**CAPTAINS OF THE CLOUDS,** James Cagney, Brenda Marshall, Dennis Morgan.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12 (AL 4-7661)—Revivals—**CRIME ET CHÂTIMENT** (French), Harry Baur; also "The Brothers Karamazov" (German), Anna Sten.

Rialto, B'way at 42 (WI 7-0206)—Through Tues., March 10: "Our Russian Front," documentary film; also "Mr. Wise Guy," the East Side Kids. . . . From Wed., March 11: "North to the Klondike," Broderick Crawford.

Thalia, B'way at 95 (AC 2-3370)—Thurs., March 5: "The Virgin Bride" (French), revival, Danielle Darrieux; also "School for Husbands," revival, Rex Harrison. . . . From Fri., March 6: **SERGEANT YORK,** Gary Cooper.

World, 153 W. 49 (CI 7-5747)—"The Nine Bachelors" (French), Sacha Guitry.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8 (GR 3-7014)—Through Sat., March 7: **THE FORGOTTEN VILLAGE,** Mexican semi-documentary film. . . . Sun. through Wed., March 8-11: **H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.,** Hedy Lamarr, Robert Young, Ruth Hussey.

Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23 (GR 5-1660)—Through Sat., March 7: "Skylark," Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland, Brian Aherne; also "New York Town," Mary Martin, Fred MacMurray. . . . Sun. and Mon., March 8-9: **LABURNUM GROVE,** Edmund Gwenn, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; also "Smilin' Through," Jeanette MacDonald, Brian Aherne. . . . From Tues., March 10: **H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.,** Hedy Lamarr, Robert Young, Ruth Hussey; also "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche.

Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42 (AS 4-4865)—Through Fri., March 6: **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER,** Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley; also "Blue, White, and Perfect," Mary Beth Hughes, Lloyd Nolan. . . . Sat. through Mon., March 7-9: "Sundown," Gene Tierney, Bruce Cabot; also "Kathleen," Shirley Temple. . . . From Tues., March 10: "Design for Scandal," Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon; also "The Man Who Returned to Life," Ruth Ford, John Howard.

Lexington, Lexington at 51 (PL 3-0336)—Through Fri., March 6: "Design for Scandal," Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon; also "The Man Who Returned to Life," Ruth Ford, John Howard. . . . From Sat., March 7: "Babes on Broadway," Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney; also "Miss Polly," Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville.

Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52 (PL 3-2434)—Through Sat., March 7: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March. . . . Sun. through Wed., March 8-11: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne.

Normandie, Park at 53 (PL 8-0040)—Thurs., March 5: **THE HOUSEKEEPER'S DAUGHTER,** revival, Joan Bennett, Adolphe Menjou. . . . Fri. through Sun., March 6-8: **LABURNUM GROVE,** Edmund Gwenn, Sir Cedric Hardwicke. . . . Mon. and Tues., March 9-10: **ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY,** Walter Huston, Edward Arnold, Anne Shirley. . . . From Wed., March 11: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March.

Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57 (PL 3-5520)—Through Fri., March 6: **THE GREAT GARRICK,** revival, Olivia de Havilland, Brian Aherne; also "The Amazing Mr. Williams," revival, Joan Blondell, Melvyn Douglas. . . . Sat. through Mon., March 7-9: "Quiet Wedding," Margaret Lockwood; also "Charlie Chan in Rio," Sidney Toler, Mary Beth Hughes. . . . Tues. and Wed., March 10-11: **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY,** Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara; also **LOVE FROM A STRANGER,** revival, Ann Harding, Basil Rathbone.

R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58 (VO 5-3577)—Thurs., March 5: "Hellz-a-Poppin," Olsen and Johnson; also "Paris Calling," Elisabeth Bergner, Randolph Scott. . . . From Fri., March 6: **BALL OF FIRE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper; also "A Date with the Falcon," Wendy Barrie, George Sanders.

Plaza, 58, E. of Madison (VO 5-3320)—Through Fri., March 6: "I Wake Up Screaming," Betty Grable, Victor Mature. . . . From Sat., March 7: **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER,** Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley.

68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68 (RE 4-0302)—Through Fri., March 6: **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY,** Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara. . . . Sat. through Wed., March 7-11 (tentative): "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March.

Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72 (BU 8-7222)—Through Fri., March 6: "Design for Scandal," Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon; also "The Man Who Returned to Life," Ruth Ford, John Howard. . . . From Sat., March 7: "Babes on Broadway," Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney; also "Miss Polly," Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville.

Colony, 2 Ave. at 79 (RH 4-9888)—Through Fri., March 6: "You Belong to Me," Barbara Stanwyck, Henry Fonda; also "International Lady," Ilona Massey, George Brent. . . . Sat. through Mon., March 7-9: "One Foot in Heaven," Martha Scott, Fredric March; also "You're in the Army Now," Jane Wyman, Jimmy Durante. . . . Tues. and Wed., March 10-11: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr.

Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85 (BU 8-3180)—Through Fri., March 6: "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche. . . . Sat. through Tues., March 7-10: "I Wake Up Screaming," Betty Grable, Victor Mature. . . . From Wed., March 11: "Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring," Margaret Lindsay, Ralph Bellamy.

R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86 (AT 9-8900)—Thurs., March 5: "Hellz-a-Poppin," Olsen and Johnson; also "Paris Calling," Elisabeth Bergner, Randolph Scott. . . . From Fri., March 6: **BALL OF FIRE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper; also "A Date with the Falcon," Wendy Barrie, George Sanders.

Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-5566)—Through Fri., March 6: **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER,** Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley; also "Blue, White, and Perfect," Mary Beth Hughes, Lloyd Nolan. . . . Sat. through Mon., March 7-9: **BIRTH OF THE BLUES,** Bing Crosby, Mary Martin; also "The Night of January 16th," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston. . . . Tues. and Wed., March 10-11: "Hurricane Smith," Jane Wyatt, Ray Middleton; also "Steel Against the Sky," Lloyd Nolan.

Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86 (AT 9-4607)—Through Mon., March 9: "Sundown," Gene Tierney, Bruce Cabot; also "Kathleen," Shirley Temple. . . . From Tues., March 10: "Design for Scandal," Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon; also "The Man Who Returned to Life," Ruth Ford, John Howard.

WEST SIDE

8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8 (GR 7-7874)—Thurs., March 5: "Confirm or Deny," Joan Bennett, Don Ameche. . . . From Fri., March 6: **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER,** Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley.

Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12 (WA 9-2166)—Through Mon., March 9: "Sundown," Gene Tierney, Bruce Cabot; also "Kathleen," Shirley Temple. . . . From Tues., March 10: "Design for Scandal," Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon; also "The Man Who Returned to Life," Ruth Ford, John Howard.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12 (WA 9-3350)—Through Fri., March 6: **BIRTH OF THE BLUES,** Bing Crosby, Mary Martin; also "The Night of January 16th," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston. . . . Sat. through Tues., March 7-10: "Remember the Day," Claudette Colbert, John Payne; also "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan. . . . From Wed., March 11: **CITIZEN KANE,** revival, Orson Welles; also "Cadet Girl," Carole Landis, George Montgomery.

R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-3440)—Thurs., March 5: "Hellz-a-Poppin," Olsen and Johnson; also "Paris Calling," Elisabeth Bergner, Randolph Scott. . . . From Fri., March 6: **BALL OF FIRE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper; also, starting Mon., March 9, "A Date with the Falcon," Wendy Barrie, George Sanders.

Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23 (CH 2-9280)—Through Sat., March 7: **BIRTH OF THE BLUES,** Bing Crosby, Mary Martin; also "The Night of January 16th," Ellen Drew, Robert Preston. . . . Sun. through Wed., March 8-11: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson.

Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54 (CI 7-3737)—Through Fri., March 6: "Design for Scandal," Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon; also "The Man Who Returned to Life," Ruth Ford, John Howard. . . . From Sat., March 7: "Babes on Broadway," Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney; also "Miss Polly," Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville.

Park, Columbus Circle (CI 5-9512)—Through Sat., March 7: "The Chocolate Soldier," Risé Stevens, Nelson Eddy; also "They Died with Their Boots On," Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn. . . . Sun. through Tues., March 8-10: **ZIEGFELD GIRL,** revival, Judy Garland, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, James Stewart; also **I LOVE YOU AGAIN,** revival, Myrna Loy, William Powell. . . . From Wed., March 11: **MAYERLING** (French), revival, Charles Boyer, Danielle Darrieux; also "The King Steps Out," revival, Grace Moore, Franchot Tone.

Beacon, B'way at 75 (TR 4-9132)—Thurs., March 5: "Smilin' Through," Jeanette MacDonald, Brian Aherne; also "Mr. and Mrs. North," Gracie Allen, William Post, Jr. . . . Fri. through Tues., March 6-10: **H. M. PULHAM, ESQ.,** Hedy Lamarr, Robert Young, Ruth Hussey; also "Tarzan's Secret Treasure," Maureen O'Sullivan, Johnny Weissmuller. . . . From Wed., March 11: "Bombay Clipper," Irene Hervey, William Gargan; also "Four Jacks and a Jill," Ray Bolger, Anne Shirley.

77th Street, B'way at 77 (TR 4-9382)—Thurs., March 5: **HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY,** Walter Pidgeon, Maureen O'Hara. . . . From Fri., March 6: **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER,** Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley; also "Blue, White, and Perfect," Mary Beth Hughes, Lloyd Nolan.

R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81 (TR 7-6160)—Thurs., March 5: "Hellz-a-Poppin," Olsen and Johnson; also "Paris Calling," Elisabeth Bergner, Randolph Scott. . . . From Fri., March 6: **BALL OF FIRE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper; also "A Date with the Falcon," Wendy Barrie, George Sanders.

Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83 (TR 7-3190)—Through Fri., March 6: "Design for Scandal," Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon; also "The Man Who Returned to Life," Ruth Ford, John Howard. . . . From Sat., March 7: "Babes on Broadway," Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney; also "Miss Polly," Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville.

Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84 (EN 2-0696)—Through Fri., March 6: **TARGET FOR TONIGHT,** documentary film of the R.A.F.; also "Cadet Girl," Carole Landis, George Montgomery. . . . Sat. through Mon., March 7-9: **HOLD BACK THE DAWN,** Olivia de Havilland, Charles Boyer, Paulette Goddard; also "Henry Aldrich for President," June Preisser, Jimmy Lydon. . . . Tues. and Wed., March 10-11: **CITIZEN KANE,** revival, Orson Welles; also "Don't Get Personal," Hugh Herbert, Mischa Auer.

Stoddard, B'way at 90 (SC 4-9257)—Through Wed., March 11: "Dr. Kildare's Victory," Lew Ayres, Lionel Barrymore, Ann Ayars; also "A Yank on the Burma Road," Laraine Day, Barry Nelson.

Riverside, B'way at 96 (RI 9-9861)—Thurs., March 5: "Hellz-a-Poppin," Olsen and Johnson; also "Paris Calling," Elisabeth Bergner, Randolph Scott. . . . From Fri., March 6: **BALL OF FIRE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper; also "A Date with the Falcon," Wendy Barrie, George Sanders.

Carlton, B'way at 100 (AC 4-8676)—Through Sat., March 7: "Unholy Partners," Edward G. Robinson, Laraine Day, Edward Arnold; also "The Feminine Touch," Rosalind Russell, Don Ameche. . . . Sun. through Tues., March 8-10: "I Wake Up Screaming," Betty Grable, Victor Mature; also "Swamp Water," Walter Huston, Virginia Gilmore. . . . From Wed., March 11: **THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER,** Bette Davis, Ann Sheridan, Monty Woolley; also "Blue, White, and Perfect," Mary Beth Hughes, Lloyd Nolan.

Olympia, B'way at 107 (AC 2-1019)—Through Fri., March 6: "Design for Scandal," Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon; also "The Man Who Returned to Life," Ruth Ford, John Howard. . . . From Sat., March 7: "Babes on Broadway," Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney; also "Miss Polly," Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville.

Nemo, B'way at 110 (AC 2-9406)—Thurs., March 5: "Hellz-a-Poppin," Olsen and Johnson; also "Paris Calling," Elisabeth Bergner, Randolph Scott. . . . From Fri., March 6: **BALL OF FIRE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper; also "A Date with the Falcon," Wendy Barrie, George Sanders.

Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175 (WA 7-5200)—Through Fri., March 6: "Design for Scandal," Rosalind Russell, Walter Pidgeon; also "The Man Who Returned to Life," Ruth Ford, John Howard. . . . From Sat., March 7: "Babes on Broadway," Judy Garland, Mickey Rooney; also "Miss Polly," Zasu Pitts, Slim Summerville.

Coliseum, B'way at 181 (WA 7-7200)—Thurs., March 5: "Hellz-a-Poppin," Olsen and Johnson; also "Paris Calling," Elisabeth Bergner, Randolph Scott. . . . From Fri., March 6: **BALL OF FIRE,** Barbara Stanwyck, Gary Cooper; also "A Date with the Falcon," Wendy Barrie, George Sanders.

Meadowbrook* jackets and skirts . . . give you an intelligently dressed look for your busy days in town, for your furlough hours in the country. Sensible way, too, of getting the right-size-for-you jacket, plus the right-size-for-you skirt (perhaps yours is the 14-jacket, 12-skirt figure, or vice versa). As always, you know, you get the finest in quality and tailoring when you get a set-up of these famous Altman classics. All, sizes 12 to 20. Plaid jacket, 22.95; matching skirt, 14.95. Covert cardigan in grey, navy, pale blue, yellow, 19.95; matching skirt, 12.95. Meadowbrook* shop, third floor

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FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

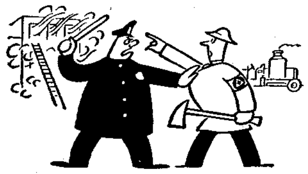
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

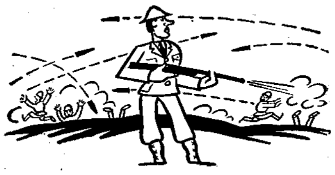
WITH about seventy million other Americans, we listened to the great geography lesson, assisted by a map of the world we'd clipped out of a newspaper. Like every such map we can remember, it showed the Western Hemisphere complete in the middle, with Europe, Africa, and about a third of Asia on the right, and the rest of Asia and Australia on the left. There is something wrong with this conventional division, we've concluded after several days of reflection. Not only is it bad for Americans to get the idea that the world is centred approximately on Denver, Colorado, but also there is something about it that defeats any attempt to convey the idea of total military strategy to the public mind. The world to most of us is still round only in theory; like Ferdinand and Isabella, we see it really in flat projection, with Asia eternally split somewhere along longitude 75°. A man sailing westward from Bombay sails only off onto the left-hand margin of the page; it takes a considerable effort of the imagination to see him sailing back again on the right, safe into the Red Sea. The President ran into this difficulty when he said something about the possibility of a junction of the German and Japanese forces. We looked at our map and found it reassuring. Well, the bastards will have to take the Panama Canal first, we thought, determined to defend it to the end.

THERE is irrelevant good cheer in the fact that neither the import nor the impact of the President's radio talk was affected by his cold. The Voice that instructs our enemies dare not fall one decibel below its customary volume, or the people would lose the whole point of the speech. Last week a random germ forced Mr. Roosevelt the leader to go on the air without the assistance of Mr. Roosevelt the orator, and nobody minded a bit. For the cold, if it's still bothering him, we recommend a hot toddy, aspirin, and twelve hours in bed.

IF there is in the universe any organism whose reactions are completely predictable, it is the New York cop. We could have warned those volunteer firemen who tried to help out last week with the fire down on Thirty-fourth Street that one of the cops present would say, "That armband don't mean anything to me—ga wan, get back!" and that another would say, "Ga wan, ya more nuisance than ya worth!" To explain to a cop, whose mind is full of his own murky ideology, whose every energy is devoted to his war with the civilian population, that there is now another war on, that the city conceivably might be bombed, that if it is bombed there will be more fires than the regular Fire Department can handle, that the volunteer firemen will then be our only hope of saving the city, and that it is a good idea for them to get some experience before the emergency—this is a chore which we, for one, would not care to undertake. It is our observation that all abstract discussion of citizens' rights or duties is met by the jolly roundsmen with a simple, reticent "Ga wan!" We predict that when the bombs start falling, the cops will react by laying about with their billies, and our advice is to stay home if you don't want to be run in.



WHEN this war is over, we wouldn't be surprised if two villains of it turn out to be Rudyard Kipling and Gary Cooper. Beyond almost any question, they are the greatest authors of Anglo-Saxon complacency, and it is hard to say which is worse. The Man from Bombay, of course, got there first, establishing the ratio of white supremacy at something like ten to one and inculcating forever in British minds the notion that heathen races don't understand machinery. Mr. Kipling left his countrymen the bow-and-arrow delusion, and we suspect that it cost them the Malay Peninsula. Mr. Cooper belongs to the same school but he is a considerable refinement, the message of his art having to do sheerly with morals rather than race or equipment. He is dedicated to the theory that a virtuous man of correct political principles is impervious to bullets, and we have observed how *that* idea worked out at Pearl Harbor. We hate to tamper with the comfortable old legends, but in the interests of national defense we feel we ought to bring the odds a little more up to date. In our book, Sergeant York with a Bible and a squirrel rifle is no better than a six-to-five shot against Fuzzy-Wuzzy in a dive bomber, and the smart money is said to be on the colored boy.



LUNCHING one day last week with an Englishman in the English Grill at Rockefeller Plaza, we were distracted by the observation that the skaters in the sunken rink on the other side of the plate-glass window weren't keeping time to the music that was being served to us along with our capon cutlets. We asked the waiter about it and were told that a loudspeaker connected to one canned-music studio plays for the patrons of the restaurant while a second loudspeaker attached to something else again plays for the skaters. We were shifting this fact around in our mind, looking for some explanation of this typically American duplication of effort that would be comprehensible to an Englishman, when the wind outside blew the hat off the head of a man who had been watching the skaters from the parapet over the statue of Prometheus. The hat fell on the ice outside our window and we observed that it was a neat gray snap brim with a little blue feather in the band. A uniformed Rockefeller lackey instantly appeared with a long bamboo pole, fitted the hat on the end of it, and handed the hat up to the man on the parapet, who put it on his head and walked off hurriedly while everybody around stared at him. "Good show, this," said the Englishman enthusiastically. "Quite," we agreed, clipping off the word as best we could.

Leigh Goes All Out

EVEN though the big Wrigley sign is being dismantled, Broadway is not going totally dark for the duration. We base this conclusion on an interview with Douglas Leigh, the young electric-sign entrepreneur. He'd put you up an electric sign tomorrow, and the only notice he'd take of the war would be to write into the contract a provision for a pro-rata rebate in case of an all-night blackout. This wholesome confidence results from the fact that Leigh is wired for an instantaneous blackout of all his signs, which now number sixteen. In his office at Rockefeller Center, and in the bowels of the Wilson's Whiskey sign on Times Square, are twin master switches which will turn any one or all of the signs off in a trice. The installation set Leigh back about a thousand dollars, but he regards this as a good investment. "I never spent a grand more cheerfully," he remarked to us.

Each set of switches—a monitor, in the jargon of the electrical world—is connected by leased telephone wires to each sign; telephone wires can be used for this purpose, but don't, please, ask us how. There are two monitors because at night, when blackouts most often occur, there is seldom anybody in Leigh's office. The Wilson monitor is manned by a Mr. Mueller, and in case of an air raid the responsibility would be his. The other electric-sign operators in New York have been told by Mayor LaGuardia to get busy and install master switches similar to Leigh's on their displays. Leigh figures that if there ever is a full blackout, he will be dark before the traffic lights, street lamps, and other municipal installations. Last Sunday night, between 8:15 and 8:22 o'clock, he gave a test demonstration, and everything went according to plan, including the bewilderment of several people on their way to the Paramount. Both monitors are so well hidden that even if you prowled around in Leigh's office or in back of the Wilson sign, you couldn't find them. This is a precaution against sabotage.

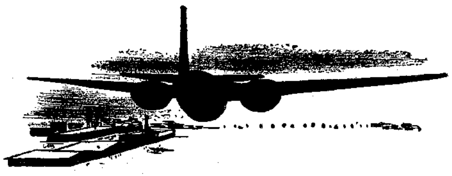
Leigh buoyantly informed us that even if we had a perpetual blackout, the way they do in London, he would remain in the sign business. He points to the soldier in his Times Square cigarette billboard, eternally blowing smoke rings, and the steaming coffeepot further up the street. "They are already functioning with maximum daylight effectiveness," he says. "We can go further if neon lighting has to be ruled out. We can put a wooden pendulum on the Gillette sign, in place of the neon one we have now. We can have flags blown by compressed air. There are a thousand and one ways to throw the emphasis on daylight effectiveness." Leigh, incidentally, has been dollar-a-yearing for the Treasury Department since Pearl Harbor, with two titles, self-explanatory and, says Leigh, synonymous: Special Consultant to the Defense Savings Staff of the Treasury Department and Coördinator of Outdoor Advertising, Car Cards, Truck Posters, Spectaculars, and Small Sign Companies. He prefers the latter title, as being more lucid.

Full Circle

AN imposing lady—not to mince words, a dowager—came sailing into the headquarters of one of the local civilian-volunteer units to offer her services. She looked at the rows of desks, where many ladies were typing, telephoning, and working mimeographs. "It reminds me so much of the last time," she sighed, "when we were all helping Mr. Willkie."

Good Listener

A MAN who can get the occult for you wholesale is Mr. Ed Bodin, whose practice as an authors' agent leaves him time to conduct a clearing house for visitations, dreams, and other kinds of messages from the Somewhere Else. We called on him recently, and he set us straight on one point right at the start. "I am not a nut," he told us.

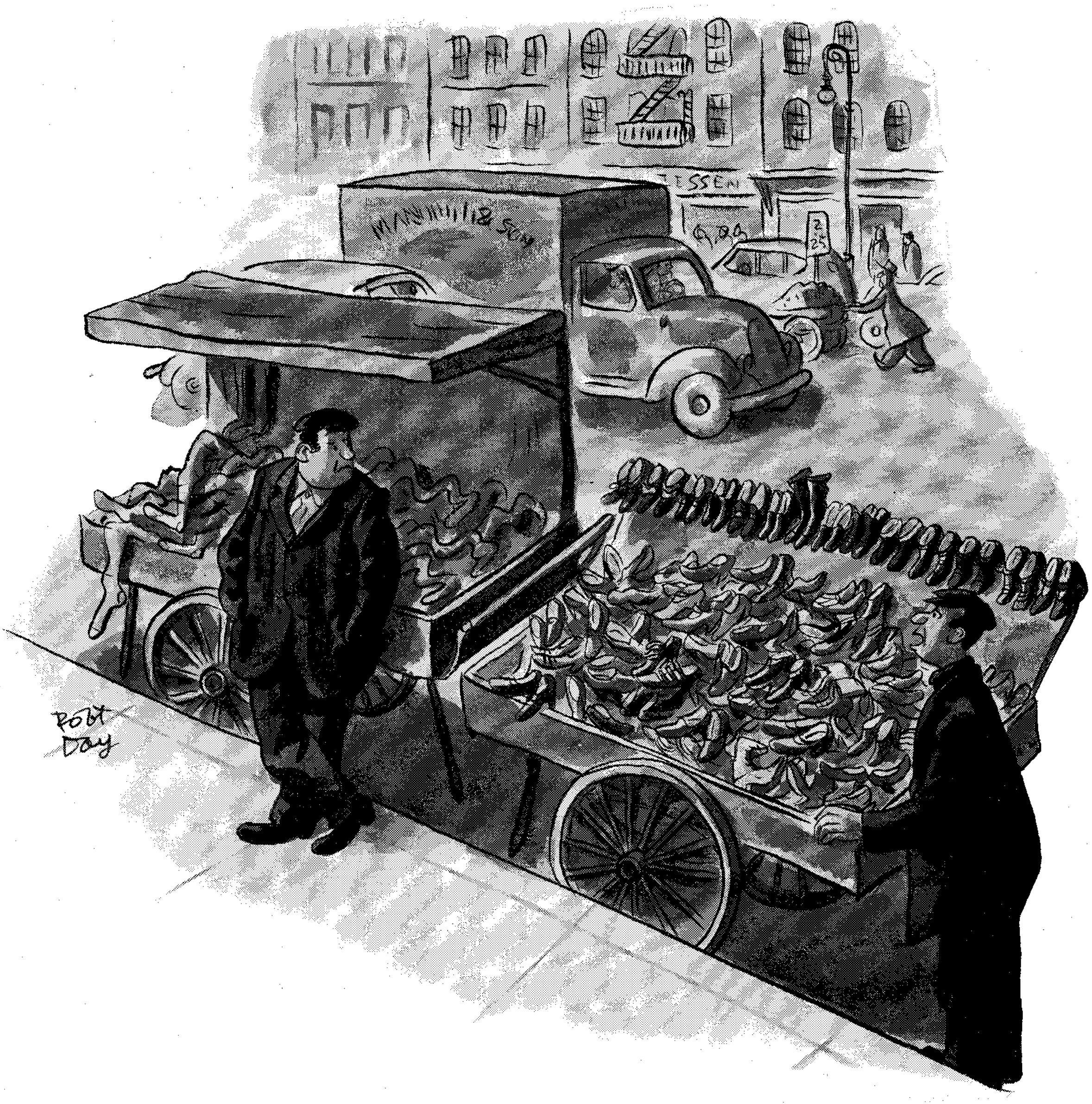


Mr. Bodin's boulevard of significant dreams is a short street, being confined to a tiny office at 105 West Fortieth Street, where he shares a suite with the Orlin Tremaine Publishing Company. His project is designed to advance the war effort. "Not all nightmares," he said, "are from sex or indigestion, so why ignore them?" With this thought as a major premise, he told us, he let it be widely known some weeks ago that he would welcome news of all signs, portents, and predictions that seemed to pertain to the war, figuring that if he could turn up a dreamer of consistent accuracy, he would earn a nation's gratitude. He has already earned the gratitude of close to three hundred dreamers, accurate or otherwise, who have seized happily upon his proffered ear. He showed us a few sample war forecasts, the most specific of which came from a Mrs. Gaze, of Amsterdam Avenue, who had got word in her sleep that the Japanese would make a surprise attack on Guatemala and from there go to work on the Panama Canal. The attack, she thought, would come around next Tuesday, March 10th. "I generally try to pin them down," Mr. Bodin explained to us. When he gets them to write down places and dates he has the predictions witnessed by a notary public.

Mr. Bodin, who is a solid, unethereal-looking man with glasses, has won the confidence of hyper-visionary folk through years of steady inability to change the subject or go away when they begin their stories. This reversal of the curse of the Ancient Mariner first fell upon him in the science laboratory of the North Plainfield, New Jersey, high school, where he was a student a little over thirty years ago. He was fooling with a static machine one day when another fellow opened the door and said something to him. He was sore at being interrupted and therefore pleased as well as startled to see the door slam on the other fellow without prompting from any known human or natural force. Since then he has been willing to listen to anyone with an explanation of this experience or a similar experience of his own. Or just an experience.

Mr. Bodin was a gas officer in the 68th Coast Artillery during the last war and told us that he came back with four hundred coincidences. He subsequently wrote ghost stories for the pulp magazines and a book called "Scare Me," dealing with black magic, werewolves, and zombies. Mr. Bodin feels that he is qualified to talk on all these subjects, and more. "I know three thousand mystic stories," he said to us. Most of his income, however, derives from the fees he collects for selling other writers' stuff to magazines.

Mr. Bodin's call for inspired hunches on the war has netted him a few specimens which we made note of, although they do seem vague. One man says that Hitler will die around June or July, another that Mussolini will soon be very sick, a third predicts a gas attack on this country, and a woman in Florida is sure that Japan will be destroyed by an earthquake. This last agrees with what certain Tibetan monks have been saying all along, which Mr. Bodin feels gives it more than average likelihood. "Those monks are considered tops in mysticism," he told us.



"What I'd like to know is where's all this panic buying they keep talking about."

• •

Salutation

A BLAMELESS fellow we know recently found in his morning mail the catalogue of a printing house which apparently devotes itself to dirty books. There was a covering letter, too, assuring him that any items he cared to order would arrive promptly, in a plain wrapper. It began, breezily, "Dear Erotobibliophile . . ."

Tea

TEA, we find, is not one of the things you have to worry about—or anyhow not much. A nasty little splurge of hoarding resulted from a newspaper story that we had only a six months' supply left. In no time at all, we had only a *three* months' supply left. Now, however, imports from such regular sources as are not affected by the war are rapidly bringing our reserve up to normal and should continue to supply us through 1942, if Aunt Mary will unfreeze that five pounds in the attic. This cheering but not inebriating news comes from an organization of importers called the Tea Bureau. The Tea Bureau, or at least the spokesman whom we interviewed, seems to be calm and optimistic. The only complication is that oolong tea, which came mostly from the Japanese island of Formosa, and green tea, which came mostly from Japan itself, will be scarcer for the duration. As a nation, we prefer black tea, the official score being five to one over the two other varieties, and this is still arriving in quantity from India and Ceylon.

Eight hundred million pounds of tea is the normal annual world consumption by Occidentals. Great Britain used to take more than half of it and we ran a poor second with one hundred million pounds. Hostilities with Japan cut off about a fifth of our supply. Now Java and Sumatra, which sent us about twice as much as Japan, have become uncertain quantities, but fortunately Ceylon and India have been able to expand their exports and are setting out extra plants to take care of the balance of our requirements. The demand for green tea and oolong can well be met. Tea is tea; whether it's finally called black, green, or oolong depends merely on how it's prepared. Black tea is fermented before drying, green tea is not; oolong is a kind of compromise between the two processes. Names like orange pekoe and souchong refer only to the size of the leaf after treatment.

Tea lore: Bushes a hundred years old are still bearing; tea can be harvested every two weeks from the same bush; if a bush is left untended, it grows up into a tree and becomes commercially useless; China once supplied ninety-nine per cent of our tea but now drinks almost all she raises; there are a hundred and sixty cups of tea in a pound of leaves; the average cup contains three-quarters of a grain of caffeine and two grains of tannin; in Tibet they take butter made from goats' milk in their tea, and in some parts of China the boiled leaves are made into patties, with salt, garlic, and dried fish; next to water, tea is the most popular beverage in the world, and Americans drink enough every year to overflow the Central Park reservoir, or to float the Normandie, if she *can* be floated.

Imported

WE'VE heard from a naval officer who got promoted recently, which necessitated a reshuffling of his insignia. When his stars were removed, he found, on the back of each, a label reading "Made in Japan." He sent one to us, for evidence. You can come and look at it, but we wouldn't part with it for anything.

Newcomers

WE made a neighborly call on the Wage and Hour Division of the Department of Labor, which has just moved into town in order to leave more floor space in Washington for the war effort. The Division has taken six floors at 1560 Broadway, near Forty-sixth Street. We had a talk with the Division's Mr. Mullady, who has the title of Acting Director of the Information Branch. Mr. Mullady, an old City News boy who used to cover City Hall, was not displeased at getting back to New York, except that he had just bought a nice little country place in Virginia and had intended to settle down there with his bride, some chickens, and a bull pup. That will have to wait. Of the two hundred-odd Wage and Hour folk thus transplanted, few had ever so much as visited New York before, Mr. Mullady told us. He thinks he's the only native New Yorker among the department heads and figures that probably every state in the Union is represented in the personnel. Some of the staff who just couldn't face the prospect of leaving Washington managed to get transferred to other bureaus, their places being filled by more adventurous souls.

Even a Republican would have to admit that the move was accomplished with efficiency and dispatch. It was announced on December 20th that the Division would leave Washington. Pittsburgh was the first choice for the new location, but on January 30th word was given that New York had been definitely chosen. Outriders immediately were sent up here to compile a list of desirable hotels, furnished rooms, and apartments for temporary residence, and the members of the staff made their selections sight unseen. At 1 P.M. Saturday, February 14th, work was suspended in Washington, and it was resumed in New York at 9 A.M. the following Tuesday. Sixty-one trailer trucks were required for the office furniture and equipment. Mr. Mullady, recalling that it once took five days to move from one set of offices to another in Washington, couldn't say enough for the movers. The personnel and its baggage came up mostly over the weekend by train, bus, and automobile.

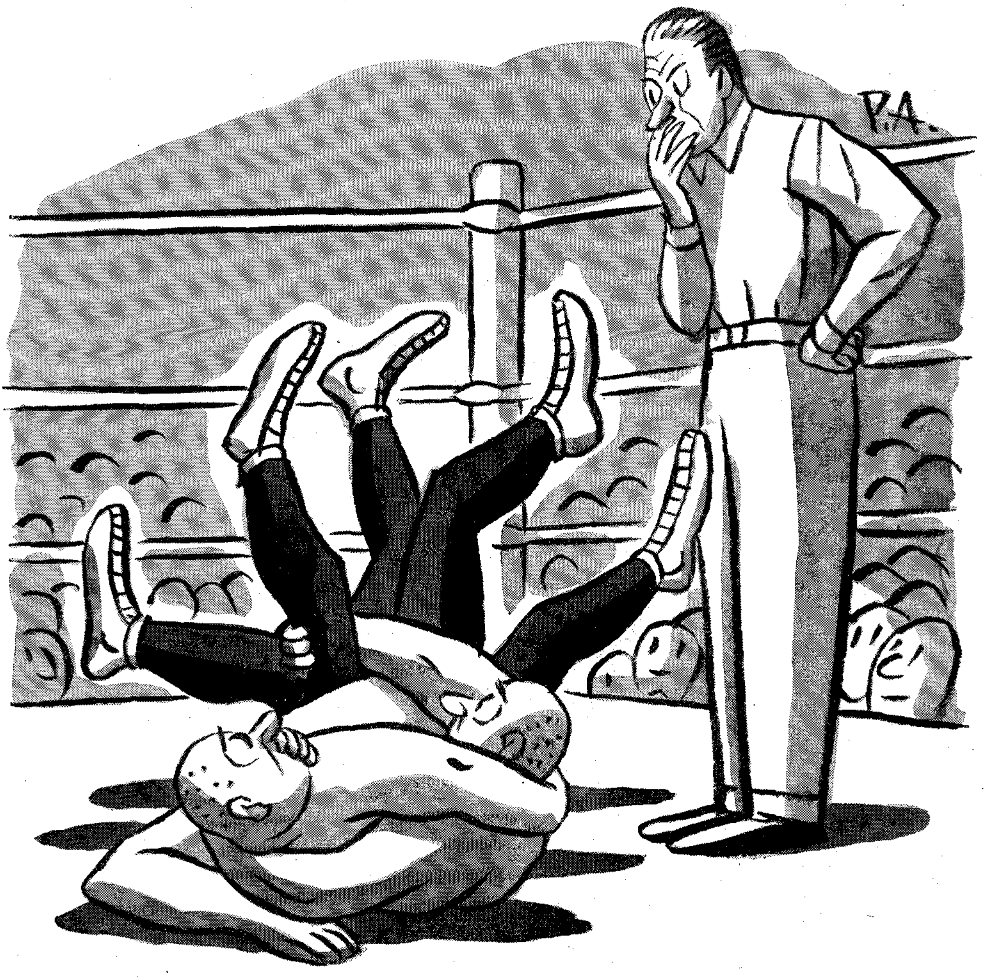
It is to the credit of New York that the Wage and Hour Division got a royal welcome. On their first day at work, they were addressed by Mayor LaGuardia and George A. Sloan, the New York City Commissioner of Commerce. There was also a basketful of passes to theatres, movies, the opera, the Empire State observatory, and the dining rooms of many of the midtown hotels, for a meal on the house. Everybody had some sort of treat his first evening in the city. One secretary reported with satisfaction that while she was dining at the Martinique, she was approached by a foreign-looking man who addressed her as "Madame" and insisted on buying her a drink. We heard of one confused young Wage and Hour lady who, having been forewarned that New York taxi-drivers expected tips, tipped the conductor of a Broadway streetcar. "He kept it, too," Mr. Mullady told us indignantly. We drew out a couple of girls working at nearby desks. Miss Whelan, a native of Baltimore, commented on the high buildings. Miss Euwar, of Vandergrift, Pennsylvania, said it was roomier here. That shows what Washington has turned into, when New York seems roomy.

Exclusive

AN eager lady, an amateur social worker, recently visited the editor of the woman's page of a local newspaper with a request that something nice be written about a girls' reformatory she was somehow tied up with. "It ought to be a *very* good story," she said. "You see, we are privately endowed, and we get the cream of the delinquents."

Free Speech

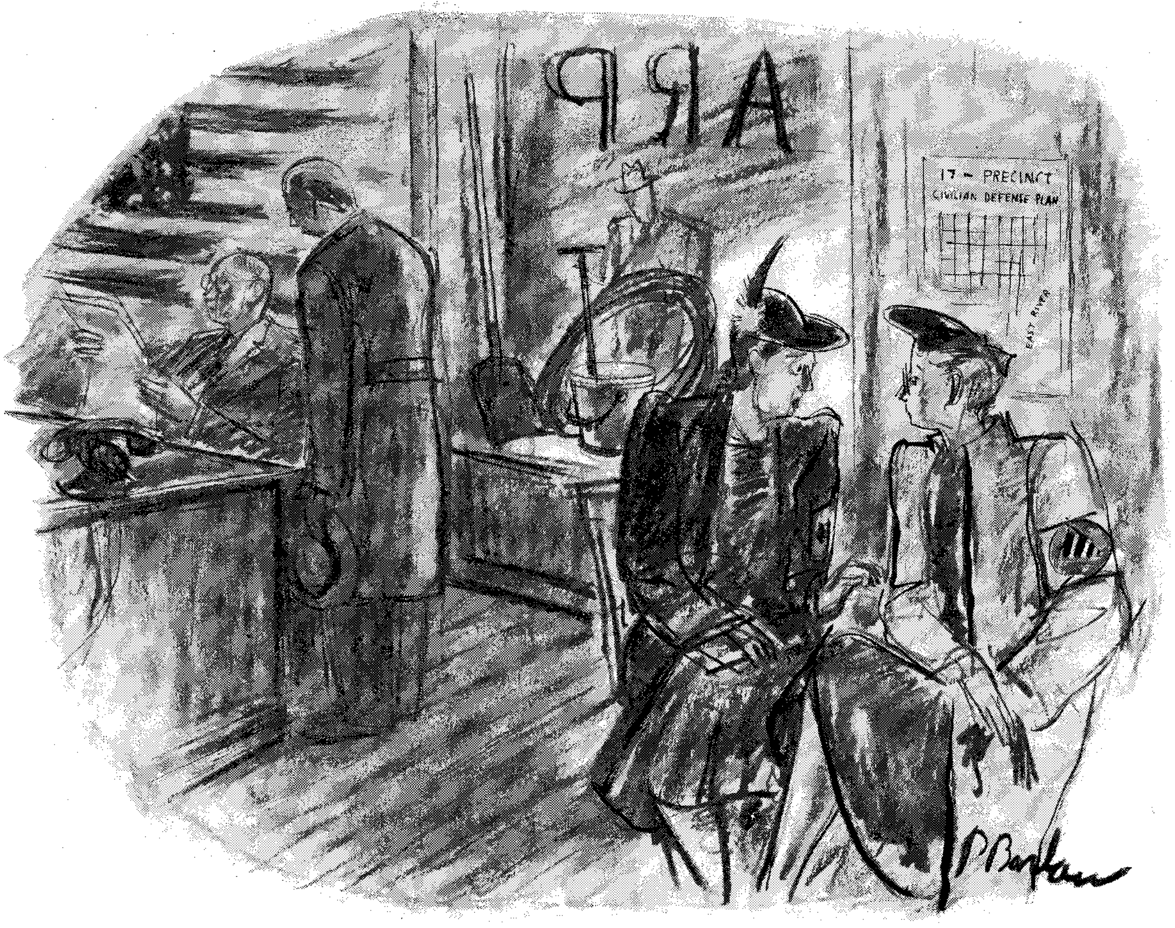
ONE afternoon last week we went a few blocks out of our way to look in on Union Square, wondering what effect a state of war has had



down there. It was a particularly cold day and such of the boys as were present were gathered in a knot by the statue of Washington toward Fourteenth Street, their coat collars turned up and most of them shuffling and stamping their feet. A few had soapboxes along but at the moment none were using them professionally, the gathering of philosophers being quite informal. An aloof cop, as cold as everybody else, stood some fifty yards off, looking steadily the other way. As we joined the knot, the first words we heard were "And you think the newspapers are right, all of a sudden?" This question was put by a little man in a tan overcoat who was smiling happily. "Of course not," said a man with pink cheeks and no hat. "I'm only saying those are the reports. The Russians must make a frontal attack on Rzhev." "They must do so why?" asked the smiling man, looking even happier. "Those newspapers of yours say that they have surrounded the city. Maybe they will by-pass it." "They must attack anyway," said the one with pink cheeks. "The Germans can get food from the air. A blockade is no good." A third man, who, either through choice or infirmity, kept one eye closed, turned on the little smiling one and said angrily, "Everybody knows they must attack but you. Why?" The little man still smiled firmly.

The group was joined by a new arrival who wore a chesterfield, a dark-blue scarf, and a black fedora. He came from the direction of Fourteenth Street and started talking as soon as he was in range. "So you are all still here," he said with a pronounced Italian accent. "I have come from Los Angeles." The smiling man looked at the newcomer's trousers, which were light blue and appeared to be of some thin material, and said, "Very summery. Nice, but out of place." The newcomer ignored this observation. Speaking to the convention at large, he announced that he had been unable to land a job in Los Angeles. "It is because I was born in Italy," he exclaimed. "Sometimes they will hire you if you were born in Italy, but only if you have a very special skill. I have been a mechanic for five years but that is not enough for them." "It's a rule of the government," said the man with pink cheeks. "The government is O.K.," said the Italian. "It's the companies. I never thought I would say so, but the government is O.K." "You are a patriot," said the smiling man. This seemed to outrage the Italian. "*Why* am I a patriot?" he wanted to know. "I state a simple fact, and I'm a patriot!" "No offense," said the smiling man.

We drifted over toward a pair who were somewhat detached from the rest and listened to one of them discuss the German personality. He carried a cane and smoked a cigarette in a holder. "Look at the great thinker, Nietzsche," he concluded. "The same thing—over-inflated ego." "Nietzsche died in the crazy house," said the other man. "That's very true," the first one said. "Well, I must be going. I must find a pet shop." He moved off at a fast walk. We started uptown ourself, just as a couple of young men on roller skates came coasting by. "Look out, I'm a tank!" one of them yelled to the assembled group. A tall man whom we hadn't noticed before called out, "If you're an American tank, there ain't enough of you, you ain't got enough guns, and your armor plate's no good!" We came away feeling that all was reasonably well in the Square.



"And then I inspected that upstairs of hers. My dear, you never saw such barbaric taste."

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Peek

THIS happened in a chophouse, the name of which, after due reflection, we have decided to withhold. One day, at lunch, a regular patron looked up from the menu and said irritably, "What the hell *is* tripe à la mode, anyway? I'm always seeing it in menus and I don't even know what it looks like." The waiter pondered, then surreptitiously pointed out a solitary customer who had just seated himself at a nearby table. "I'll talk that gentleman into ordering it," he said. He did, too, and on the way back from the kitchen he stopped at the curious one's table, lifted the dish cover, and said, "That's what it looks like, sir."

I DON'T WANNA BEND YOUR EARS

I HAD brought a book into the Majestic Pictures commissary with me, hoping to catch up on my reading. In spite of the steady hum of voices and the constant rattling of dishes, I was making some progress when I suddenly heard myself being addressed. "Say, Artie, you mind if I sit down?" I looked up and saw the diminutive figure of Benny Greenspan standing beside me.

"Not at all," I said, without much enthusiasm, and started to read again.

Benny sat down, picked up a menu from the table, looked at it for a moment or two, and then shook his head. "Aah, the way I feel now I couldn't even nipple on food, much less eat it. Frankly, Artie, I ain't got no appetite." He jabbed his stomach with his fingers. "Tiny liddle knives are goin' stick, stick, stick! I got like indigestion," he explained. "No kiddin', Artie, the way my obdomin feels right now I might as well be a producer instead of an agent."

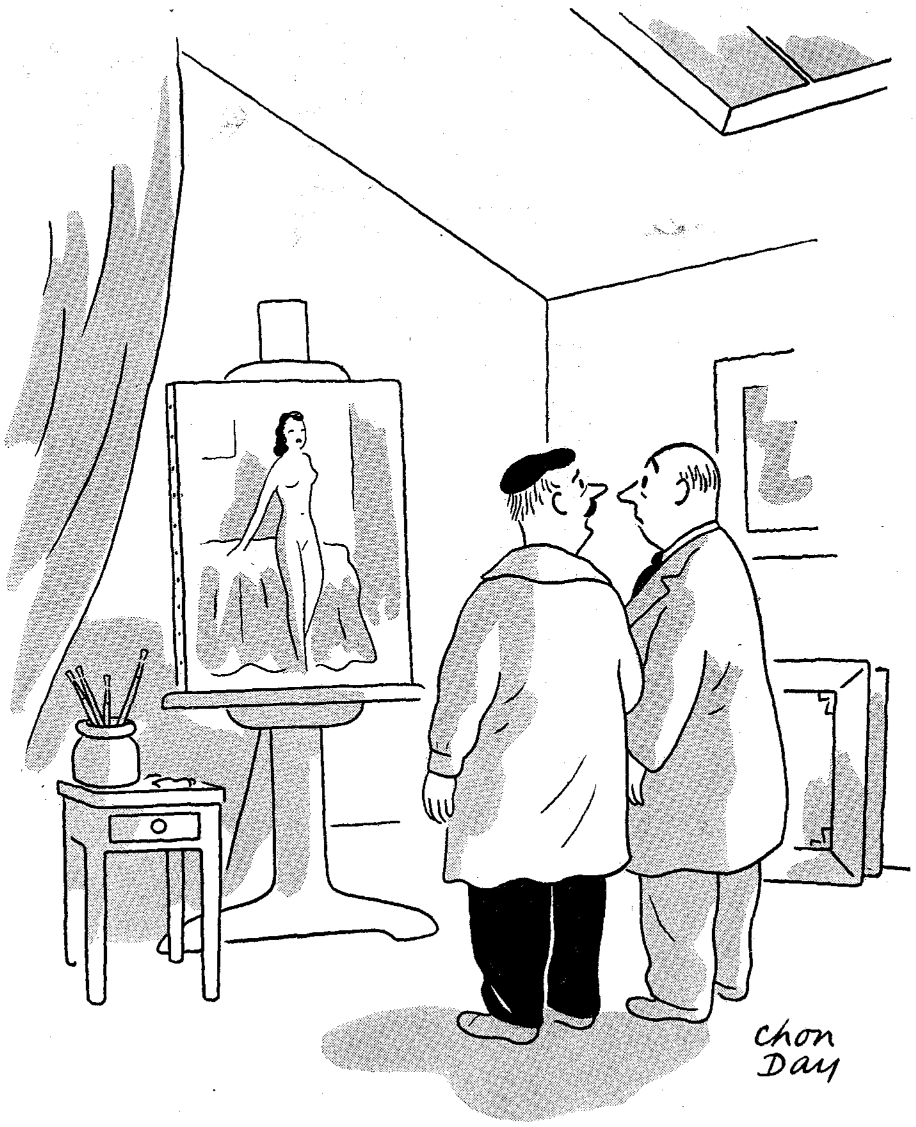
I closed my book and gave Benny my full attention. He looked unhappy. "Say, Benny," I said, "you don't look so good at that. Is there anything wrong?"

"Anything wrong?" He stared at me for a moment, then smiled wistfully and waved a finger in my face. "Listen, Artie, I don't wanna bend your ears with no hard-luck story, but I think Sandy Claus paid me a dirty trick when I was a kid. I think he filt up my stockin's with nothin' but trouble, that's what I think."

By this time a waitress was at our table. "What'll it be, Mr. Greenspan?" she asked.

"I don't think I'm gonna have anything today, Miss Beaudyful," Benny said. "I think I'll just have somethin' light, like just plain chicken soup."

"Chicken soup," said the waitress.



"I'm calling it 'Girl Without a Dirndl.'"

"Yeah, oney in a big bowl instead of a cup."

"Oke." She reached for the menu, but Benny held onto it.

"Waid a minute," he said. "Bein' today is Thursday and I gotta go out fa suppa tonight, maybe I better have somethin' substantial. What you eatin', Artie?" he asked, looking at my plate.

"Chef's salad," I said. "It's very good."

Benny made a face. "Bird food, that chef salad." Again he studied the menu. "If I was a pigeon, I'd enjoy a chef salad very heartily. But bein' I ain't no—" He looked up and turned to the waitress. "Gimme the veal cutlet."

"Veal cutlet," she repeated.

"And change the peas to a baked batato and insteada the French-frieds make it spinitch. Spinitch is good fa an upset stomick. And bring me my cawfee with the lunch."

"No dessert?" I asked.

"Maybe just a small piece cheese." Benny said.

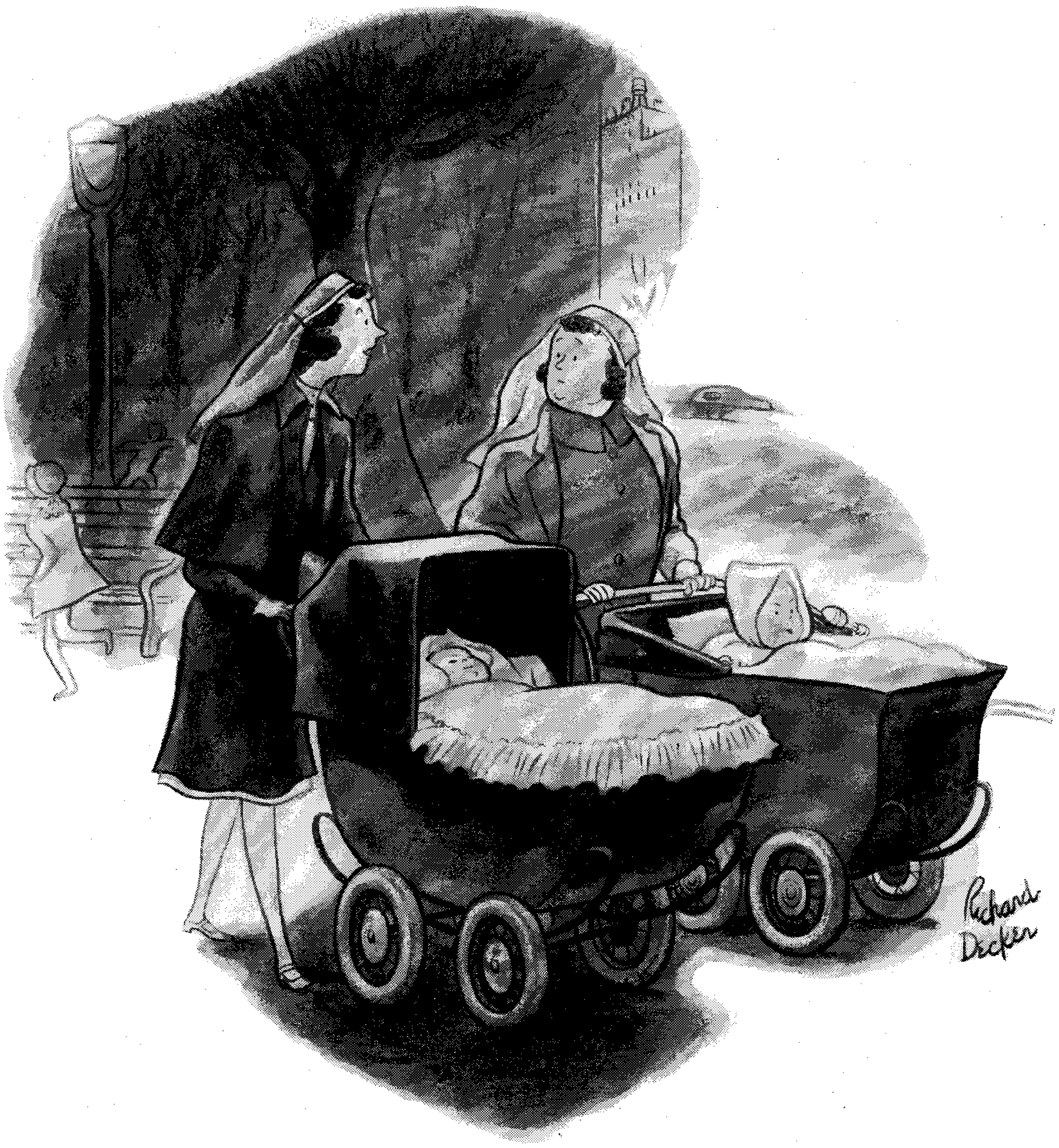
"What kine cheese you wish?" the waitress asked.

"Aw, hell, if I'm gonna have a small piece cheese, I might as well go in whole hock and have a piece apple pie." This time he permitted her to take the menu from him.

BENNY pulled his chair closer to the table, reached for the basket of rolls, and felt several before finding one that seemed to satisfy him. "Yeah, Artie," he said as he buttered a roll, "evveything I do these days stinks on, off, and in between ice. Honestly, what's been happenin' to me these last few months—well, I shutter when I even think about it. You take, finstance, the war. The minute we got into the war I knew the good old days of heavy renumeration each week was past. I knew the time had come to pitch in, hammer and tongues, and start makin' sacrifizes."

"Are *you* making sacrifices?" I asked.

"Oh, I suppose I ain't!" he said. "Listen, young fella, one of my best clients, Richard Benson—a big star, no?—so right away he enlists and jerns the Army. Yes, sir, he walks out on a long-term contrack over at Unity, leavin' me high and dry. No more commissions! Goodbye ten per cent week after week. I suppose that ain't no sacrifize, a man who pulls down four figgers a week? Four figgers, Artie, and that ain't flypaper in any man's langwich." Suddenly he thrust his arm out stiffly and stared at his hand. "Fa God's sakes!"



"How're you fixed for tires?"

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he shouted. "Just lookit what that dumb cluck fomm Cluckland done to me!"

"What is it?" I asked.

"My nails! I ast that lousy manicurist a hundrit times, 'Please gimme a high polish,' I says. And lookit what she put on my clawrs. Just a weasly liddle drab of polish. Damn it, Artie, it's a wonder I don't bust fomm the high blood pressure with all the aggravation I been goin' through lately!"

The waitress brought his soup. Benny picked up his spoon and, after several loud sips, went on talking.

"Another thing with this war is you take the type element you got in Hollywood these days. No kiddin', a person don't get no service these days without you got a foreign accent to your verce. If you got like a French or English brogue, right away you get waited on. Otherwise you might as well drop dead a thousinn times before a waiter takes your order. Look, while I'm on the subjeck fomm accents, lemme tell you a liddle antidote which happened to me two-three months ago, a personal experience. I happen to be passin' the Beverly-Wilshire and I hadda make an important phone call to check up on a deal I got hooverin', so I go inside when, lo and behold, what do I see sittin' in the lobby but a certain pardy, a ravagin' blonde, she's sittin' in one of the chairs. Well, you know me, Artie, blondes is my middle name, so I look her over fomm top to the bottom and I see right away she's a very nice dish, a tasty dresser with a movellous build. Simply exquisite, her form. In fack, all she needed to be a regella sweater girl was to have on a sweater. Know what I mean?"

I told him I knew what he meant.

"Anyways, I see she is lookin' at the clock in the lobby and then at the wristwatch she got on her wrist. So I says to myself, 'Benny, make a mental note that that there liddle lady, that blondey, she is bein' stood up.' So when I finished my phone call I come back and I see she's still sittin' there. So I figger to myself, 'Listen, if somebody wants to let that liddle blonde go to waste, it's their tough luck, not mine.'

"So I rush over to her and I say very excited, 'Joan Foster, when did you get back to town? Oh, parm me,' I says to her, makin' believe I'm embarrassed. 'I must have the wrong pardy. You look exackly like Joan Foster, the pickcha actress, you could be twins. But I see now I made a mistake. Please excuse me.'

"So she smiles and she says, 'That's aw right,' oney she said, 'Zat's aw right.' So I deteck right away she's French on account the accent to her verce, very petite.

" 'Gee whizz, Miss,' I says to her, 'I certainey got a very wrong number, and how! Joan Foster don't talk the way you do. Joan's accent happens to be more along the lines of the San Pedro Navy Yard, whereas yours is French. Is that right?'

"She says, 'That's right.' She happens to be French. So I ast her if she knows Charles Boyer by any chance, he's French, too. So she says she knows him oney by reputation, she's not intimately acquainted with him personally. So I give her my card and I tell her how I handle hundrits of pickcha people, and I says to her, 'Might I ast who is representin' you?'

"She gimme the dead pan. So I hadda explain her my meanin'. Then she laughs and she says she is not in the pickcha game. 'Go on,' I says. 'You're kiddin'?' 'No,' she says. A lotta her friends told her she should be in pickchas, but her regella job is perfume in a department store in Philadelphia, P.A. Bein' there's a war on, she says, nobody's buyin' perfume on account the high taxes, so they laid her off. She thought she'd take in Hollywood to see what was breakin'. She's been here now a couple months and nothin' is breakin', so she's thinkin' of goin' back home to Philadelphia, P.A., where her folks are. They're French, too.

"By this time a big apple-knocker in

a shiny blue search suit comes breezin' in and he runs right up to her, very excited, and the next thing you know the two of them are chatterin' away in French like a couple mudpies. So natchelly I scrams."

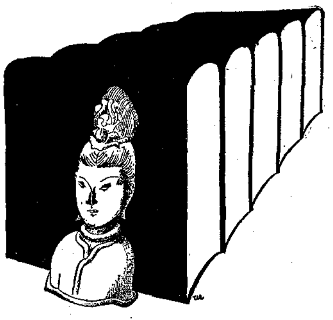
BENNY pushed his empty bowl aside to make room for the next course, which the waitress placed before him. He cut an enormous piece of meat from the cutlet, smeared it with spinach, and put it in his mouth.

"How's the food?" I asked after a while.

"Leather!" Benny said, tapping his plate with his fork. "Solid leather! Honestly, Artie, I must have some grudge against my stomick the way I punish it with this junk.

"Well," he went on, "lemme tell you what happened. I'm workin' in my awfice, my nose to the groundstone, when alluva sudden in comes Gussie and she says there's a dame outside, she wantsa see me personally but she ain't got no appernment. 'Then brush her off,' I says. 'No,' says Gussie. 'I don't think you want I should brush this pardy off.' So I shrunk my shoulders and I says, 'O.K., Gussie. Send her in.' Well, Artie, you coulda knocked me over with a feather bed. In comes liddle Miss Frenchy, the blondey. She's smellin' like a wagon fulla flar pots and she's got on a tight-fittin' dress, it's so tight I kepp sayin' to myself, 'Boy, don'tcha wisht you was a Flexible Flyer so you could go coastin' down them curves!'

" 'Well, well,' I says to her, 'this certainey is a big supprise. You know, my seckatary din quite catch your name.' 'Marie Collette,' she says. 'That's a very cute name, Marie Collette. I suppose Marie, that stands fa Mary in French. Correct?' 'Correct,' she says. 'Well, Marie,' I says, 'what can I do fa you?'



"So she tells me how she's been maulin' over in her mind what I said about she bein' in pickchas. She talked it over with some friends and they said not to be a dope; with a million people tryin' to crash Hollywood, what chance has she got, a girl without no experience? Besides, she says, there's a certain couple, they're drivin' back East and they invited her to come along, free, gratis, and fa nothin', but she feels if I can really get her a break, even a bit part, she'll take a chance and stay here. In other words, what's my advice?

"Natchelly, I jump to the conclusion that the certain couple she's talkin' about is that big apple-knocker I seen her with that day. So I figger to myself, 'Why let that jerk take this liddle dish on a crosst-country joy ride? Since when are you under obligations to him, a perfeck stranger?' I says to myself."

"So what did you tell her?" I asked.

"Oh, I give her a fast sales talk how I'm convinced I could find a quick spot fa her on account all the studios are accent-hungry these days, they can't get enough accents.

" 'Now look,' I says to her, 'by some odd quincident I'm havin' the castin' director fomm Regal Studios over the house fa dinner tomorra night. I want you should come over as my guest, and I'll innaduce you like we was old friends. In that way he can get acquainted with your accent over the dinner table instead I should bring you down to his awfice, where the phone keeps ringin' alla time, he's got no opportunity to see what kine type you are. O.K.?' I says to her. 'O.K.,' she says, she'll come to dinner.

"The next night, Artie, I have my Filipinyock cook a fancy meal, a bird, and I put some wine on the ice and I'm all set to bend her ear about it's too bad the castin' director had a last-minute confrince, he couldn't show up, when alluva sudden the phone rings. It's liddle Miss Frenchy. She says she talked it over with her friends and she decided she's goin' back East after all in the couple's car. She's very sorry to disappernt me and she hopes the castin' director will unnastand. You hear?"

I couldn't help laughing. "Benny," I said, "that's a tough break."

"Tough break!" He waved his fork at me. "Listen, I got a cute indigestion sittin' at that empty table thinkin' how she stood me up. Oh, and that ain't all. A couple days later I'm comin' in my awfice when I see she's waiting fa me—Marie. And this time, Artie, she's got on a hunk garment, it's cut so low—honestly, I hadda keep shovin' my peepers back to their face, the way they popped out. My eyes, I mean. 'I changed my mind,' she says. 'I figger there'll awways be department stores back East but there's oney one Hollywood in Hollywood. You still think I can crack the pickcha game?' Oney with a French accent.

"So I takes her to my private awfice, where I give her a very frank and aboveboard talk. 'Listen, you got no trainin', you never been before a camera, you prolly never even posed fa a snapshot. Marie,' I says, 'there's oney one way to handle you.' 'How?' she asts me. 'You gotta put yesself entirely in my hands.' 'Meanin'?' she says. 'Meanin' I'm gonna take you out fa lunch, fa dinner, and to the hot spots where all the producers go. Once they see you, they'll call me over and they'll say, "Fa heaven's sakes, Benny, what's the big idear of keepin' that dish under wraps? Who is she, anyways?" "A foreign im-

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BASIC ENGLISH FOR CIVILIAN DEFENSE WORKERS

The telephone, I'll take it dear, send forty nurses aides
Begin at nine come back at two the council token raids
More carbons dear and triple spaced I left it on the chair
Where is she what he won't good God she said so on the air!

Coöperate coördinate the helmets put the soy
Beans in the chowder hot subvert eliminate that boy
Is waiting bathe and rub sign here morale sustain cream cheese
And olive swell O.K. my dear wrap tight around the knees.

Deliver this deliver that feed out you take it you
Look tired dear emergency the peanut butter blue
Is what they said the thiamine the abdomen patrol
Feed in sustain the agencies my scissors dear control.

Upstairs one flight downstairs she went a coil of rope build up
The interest God the liaison armed services a cup
Of tea divine the shortage shock Pearl Harbor gauze canteen
Armed forces Japs McNutt sign up emergency pyrene.

—AGNES BURKE HALE

• •

portation," I'm gonna say. "She's hot off the boat. When can she have a test?" Marie, that's gonna be my approach.'

"WELL, sir, fa two solid weeks I'm takin' her out and I'm stuffin' her like a Thanksgivin' turkey. And talk about liquor! Artie, she obsorbs drink just like both her legs was made fomm spuntches. And as far as I personally was concerned—well!" He shook his head and sighed.

"You didn't get to first base?" I said.

"First base?" He looked pained. "Artie, I din even get to *shortstop!* Sure, we'd wrestle arounn a liddle bit and then she'd tell me how she's stranded all alone here in town and that I gotta get her the break I promised. After that, maybe, we could have some fun. Boy, did she keep me on tenderhooks, but good!

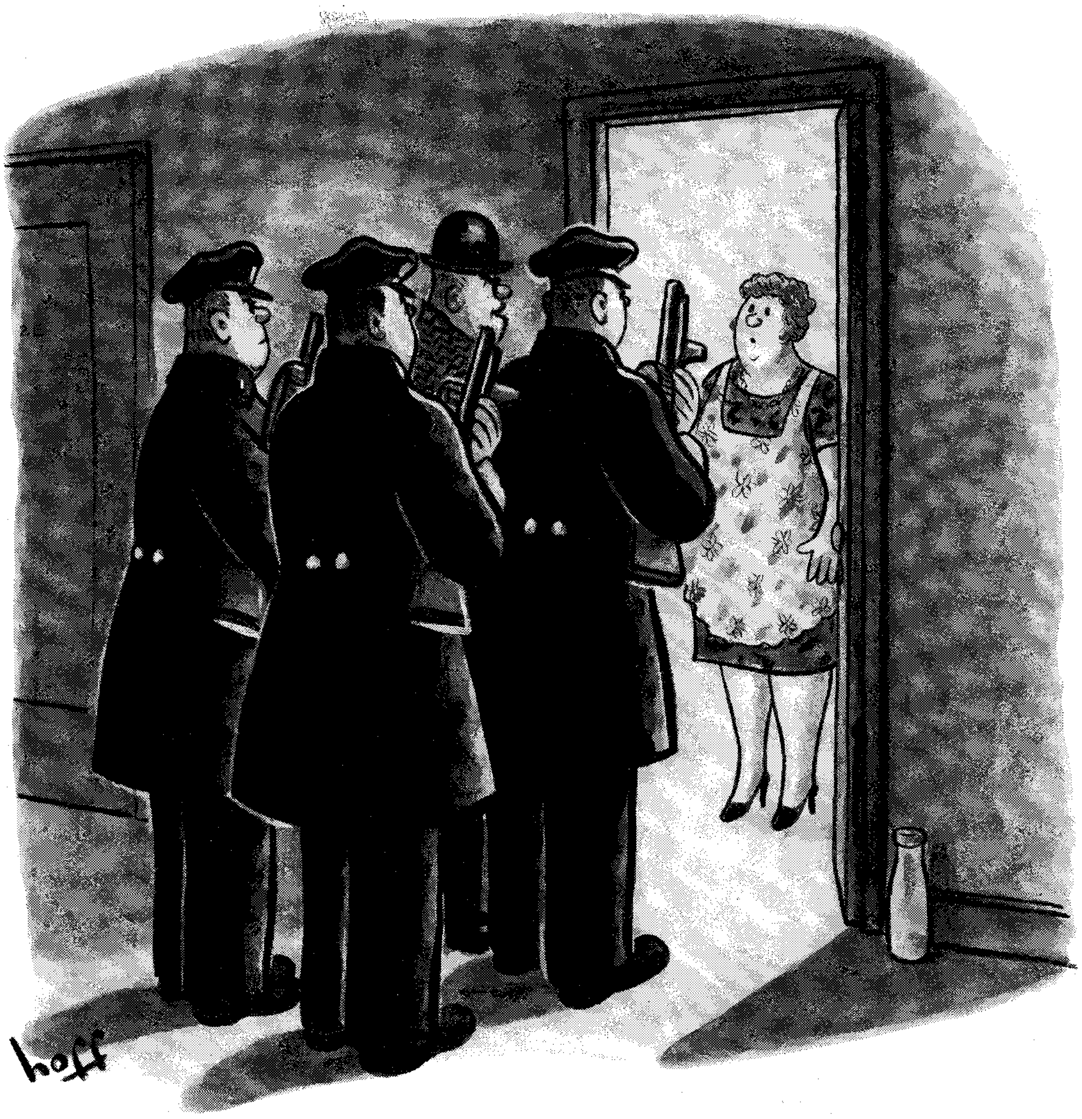
"Finey I says to her, 'Marie, I think what you need is some fancy backgrounn. Look, I got a car in storitch. It's a Packitt Comet with a special streamlined body, it looks like a comet. Now I'm gonna let you borry it a short time. I want you should drive arounn town a couple days and then on Friday I want you should go to Palm Springs fa the weekend. All the big shots will be there and once they grab a gander at you in some sweaters and shorts drivin' that boat, the rest is gonna be a cinch.' And then I gives her some foldin' money to get a couple clothes fa herself.

"Well, the way she thanks me I know I'm all set. There's nothin' like sittin' at the wheel of a car with a special body a block long to soften a person up. I know fomm past experience. But *that* god-damn Marie—"

Benny was seized with a fit of coughing. He struck himself on the chest several times, downed a glass of water, and after a moment or two regained his composure.

"Excuse me, Artie. Evvey time I think what happened . . ." He looked thoughtful for a moment. "Say!" he said. "Y'know somethin'? I don't think she was a natchel blonde at that. I think her hair was strickly a phony!"

"What happened with that Palm Springs weekend?" I wanted to know.



"We'd like to use one of your front windows."

• •

"She double-crossed me," he said in disgust. "She went to Las Vegas and got hitched up to that big apple-knocker."

"No!" I said.

"Positively!" he said. "I got a long letter a couple days later enclosin' a snapshot, the two of them together. She says they are drivin' back East and she's sure I don't mind her usin' the car on account it was in storitch anyways, and that Paul—that's the jerk's name—he was provoked why she took the money I gave her, but she explained how I meant well, so evvything is O.K. and God bless me.

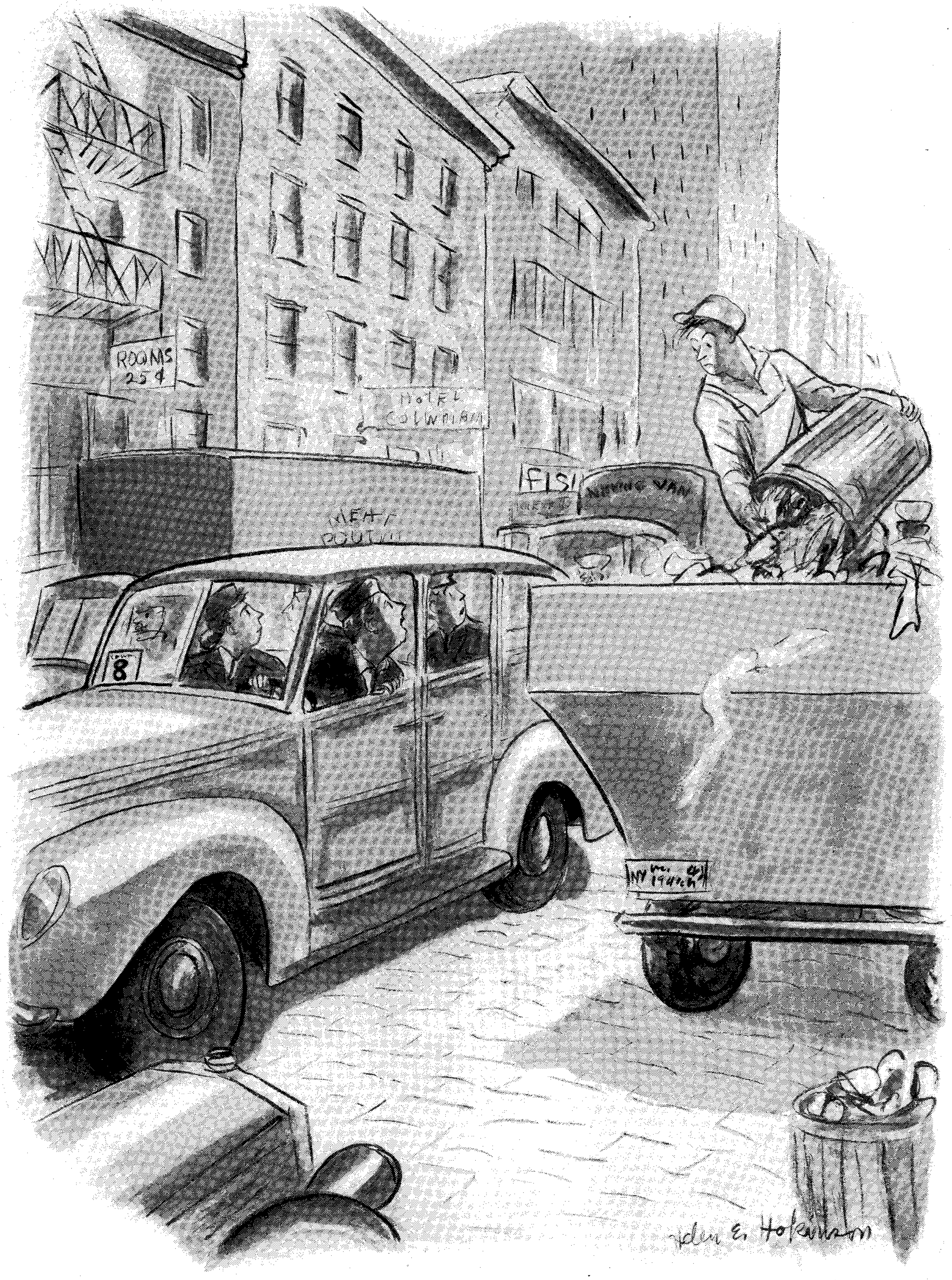
"Artie, when I got that letter I was berlin' mad. I was on the vertch of callin' up the police and havin' her chuckt in the clink fa stealin' the car. Then I says, 'No, Benny, you dassent do that.' "

"Getting sentimental, ha, Benny?" I said.

"No, it ain't exackly that. Y'see, Artie, that car, the Packitt Comet, happens to belong to Richard Benson. When he enlisted I promised him he shouldn't worry, I'd put it away in storitch.

"Now I dunno what to do. I had the car shipped back here at my expense, but it's them damned tires—they took an awful lickin' over them three thousinn miles she drove back East. Now I can't get a new set fa love nor money. And somethin' tells me I might have a liddle trouble with Mr. Dick Benson apropos the rubber situation. In fack, I got a stinkin' feelin'—" He banged his fork on the table and looked over his shoulder. "Fa God's sakes!" he shouted at the waitress. "I ast you a hundrit times to bring the cawfee with the meal—with the meal!

"See what I mean, Artie?" he said as the waitress hurried off. "It's a wonder to me I don't bust in tiny liddle pieces!" —ARTHUR KOBER


ROOMS
25¢
HOTEL
COLUMBIA
MEAT
POULTRY
FISH
MOVING VAN
8
NY
1941
Helen E. Hokinson

"*Has the convoy to Mt. Vernon gone by here?*"

DAYS OF INNOCENCE

OLD HOME DAY

IN the autumn of 1922, being at large in Europe, I was assigned by the Baltimore *Sunpapers* to go to the island of Wieringen in the Zuider Zee to have a look at the German Crown Prince, then interned there. I recall that I had a pleasant day with him, but what he had to say I forget. Indeed, my only clear memory of the trip has to do with its difficulties, not with its object. On the map, Wieringen looks to be almost as conveniently located as Staten Island, and its air-line distance from Amsterdam can't be more than forty miles, but it took me two whole days and nights to get there and back, and I had to use every common means of conveyance save wheelbarrows and camels. Most of all, I remember that one of the two nights en route was spent in a little town called Den Helder, at the northernmost tip of the Holland mainland—the most depressing place, not excepting Waycross, Ga., and Elwood, Ind., that I have ever encountered.

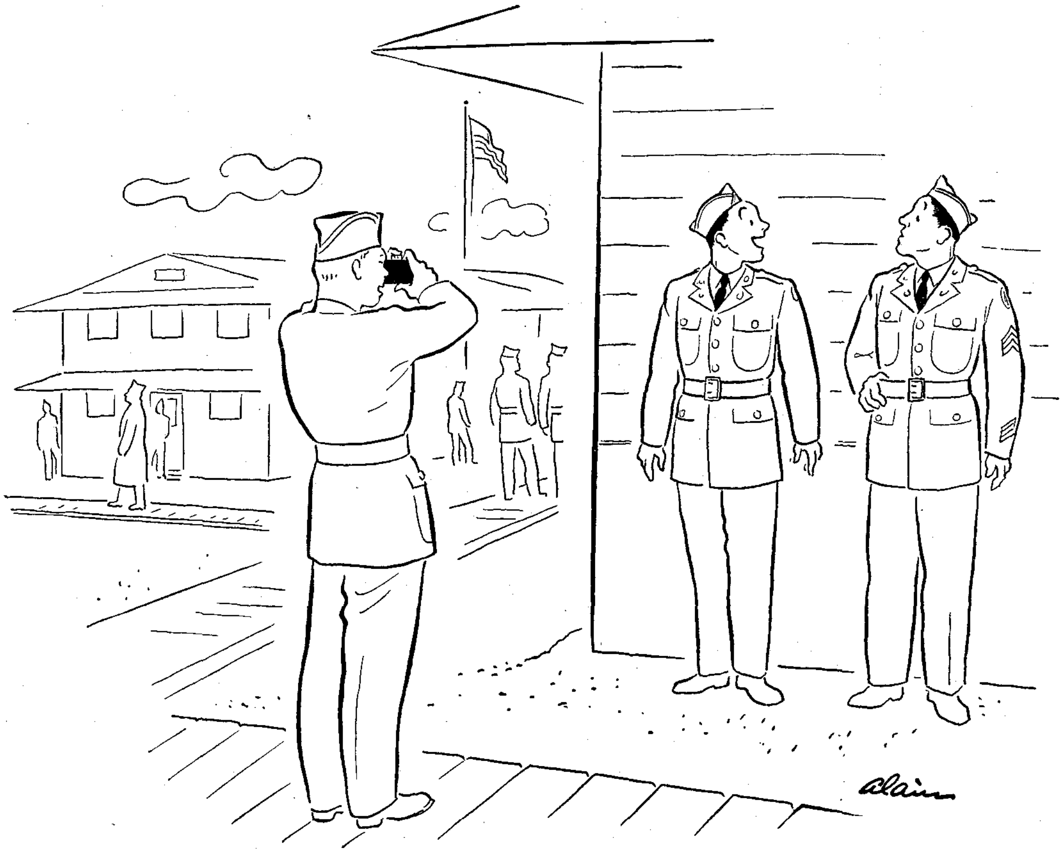
Den Helder lies just under the dike that keeps the North Sea off the flat farmlands behind it, and in the days before the current war it served in summer as a bathing place for the Class B burghers of the North Holland towns. How those customers managed to bathe there I do not know and can't figure out, for the seaward side of the dike slopes down at an angle of at least forty degrees and is paved with jagged and enormous cobblestones, brought in from Norway to turn the teeth of the sea. But that is neither here nor there, for when I saw the place it was well along in September and all the summer visitors had gone home. There was only one hotel open, and in it I was given a room on the top floor, just high enough in the air for me to see over the crest of the dike. As I glanced out of my window to get my bearings, a wave was coming in from the northwest, which is to say from the very bowels of the North Sea. It looked, to my unpracticed eye, to be at least two hundred feet high, and when it struck the dike and was busted and baffled by the cobblestones it made a roar like a whole herd of Niagaras. The hotel trembled so violently that I was knocked off my feet, and the ensuing reverberations must have shaken the villages as far south as Alkmaar.

Obviously, it would be impossible to sleep in that room without the use of drugs, and inasmuch as I had no opium or chloroform on me, I went downstairs to the coffee room to find out what was offered there. To my astonishment, I found that none of the waiters on duty could speak English, or, indeed, any other language that I was acquainted with, even by hearsay. I tried them with bad German, worse French, downright pathological Spanish, and even snatches of Danish, Russian, Czech, Turkish, and Swahili, but they kept on spreading their hands and shaking their heads. Finally, I opened my mouth, pointed into it, made a show of swallowing, and indicated my stomach, whereupon they rushed off in a body and returned anon with a cup of coffee. I must have lost consciousness momentarily, for by the time I found myself jawing them again there was a new man among them and he was addressing me in German so atrocious that I understood it perfectly.

He was, he said, a waiter also, but he had been on duty since 6 A.M. and had been preparing to go to bed when his colleagues called him. I thanked him for his kindness, asked him to bring me three large glasses of the best beer in the house, and, when he returned with them, invited him to sit down and drink one of them with me. He accepted politely, and turned out to be a very entertaining and even instructive fellow. We sat there together, in fact, for four hours, and during the first of them he gave me an account of his life in considerable detail. I forget most of it, but I recall that he said he was a native of a village that was half in Holland and half in Germany, and that he had had to clear out of it because of a difficulty with the German *Polizei*. At that very moment, he told me, there was a reward of fifty marks outstanding against him, dead or alive. He said he had come to Den Helder because it was the most remote spot in the settled parts of Europe and a rival, almost, to Spitsbergen and Archangel. No foreigner had been seen in it between the Napoleonic Wars and the arrival of the Crown Prince at Wieringen.

From such matters he went on to consider larger affairs, and was presently discoursing upon a theme that has always interested me—the differences between races. There was a good deal of public talk at the time about Leagues of Nations, world-peace treaties, and such like hallucinations, and on them he brought to bear a blistering scorn and what seemed to me to be excellent sense. They would always and inevitably run aground, he said, on the rocks of interracial enmity—a thing as natural to mankind, and almost as hard to get rid of, as thirst or lying. The Germans and the Dutch, he said, though they had to live side by side, hated each other with a hatred that was fathomless and implacable, and he himself, as a sort of neutral or mongrel, hated both. This enmity, he continued, had little basis in logic. It was simply a matter of taste and its springs lay in trifles—tones of voice, ways of trimming the hair, the cut of clothes, table manners, and so on. Nor did it rage only between definitely different races; it also split every race into an endless series of hostile factions. "Holland," he said, "is a small country, but the people of one part dislike those of another almost as violently as a Bavarian dislikes a Prussian. And when a Hollander goes abroad—say to the Dutch East Indies or to America—and then comes home for a visit, he finds that he dislikes them all." In witness whereof he told me a curious story, substantially as follows:

THERE was living down in the *Polder* near Den Helder—a *Polder* is the flat farmland, crisscrossed with tiny canals, that lies below the dikes—an old farm wife whose only son had long ago emigrated to America and there done very well by himself in the Dutch colony in Michigan. He never forgot his old mother, but sent her money constantly, and she lived very well on the ancestral farm—a place of eight or ten acres—with the daughter of a neighbor to wait on her. Her house, indeed, was a kind of showplace, for it was furnished with all the swellest goods of the Amsterdam department stores. She had a parlor so jammed with marble-topped and mahoganized furniture that it was impossible to get into it, and in her garret were scores of feather beds—still, in those days, the touchstones of wealth in all parts of rural Europe north of the Alps. When she gave a coffee party for her buddies among the other farm wives of the neighborhood, there was so much on the table that fifty per cent of the guests were laid up the next day. She was Heaven's gift to the pastor of the village church. Whenever he developed a brisk appetite, which was often, she would set him a banquet that bulged him like a pouter pigeon, and she kept him supplied with American Bull Dur-



"I know it's a lot to ask, Sergeant, but would you mind throwing your arm around me in a comradely manner?"

• •

ham for his pipe, sent to her by her loving and dutiful son.

This son, however, had not been home for years. For one thing, he had been busy building up a lime-and-cement business in a town near Grand Rapids; for another thing, he had gone into politics; and for a third thing, he had got married. His bride was a girl of Dutch ancestry but born in Kalamazoo—a high-school graduate of aesthetic leanings, with some talent for interior decoration and the violoncello. Their affectionate coöperation had blessed them with a daughter, and the child was now four years old. The war having prospered both politics and the lime-and-cement business in Michigan, the son decided, in 1921, to make a long-overdue visit to his aged mother and to take his wife and daughter along. They arrived at Rotterdam in November of that year, and early the next morning proceeded northward by train. It was a fast train, as such things went in Holland—in fact, it was known as the Kanonskogel, or Cannonball—but it took all day to make the trip from Rotterdam to the nose of North Holland, and by the time the pilgrims got to the farm it was pitch dark.

The old lady, of course, was ready with a big welcome and had put on her best Sunday clothes for the purpose. Moreover, she and her slavey had prepared a stupendous meal to refresh the visitors after their long journey. Yet more, she had asked her friend the pastor to grace and bedizen the occasion, and he was present in his full ecclesiastical habiliments, with his beard beautifully currycombed. As the visitors were set down at the door, the old lady rushed out, grabbed her precious grandchild, and gave it a tremendous hug. Unhappily, the child was worn out by the long train trip and became alarmed by its grandma's strange costume, so it set up a shrill squawk, and by the time the party got into the house it was howling in a wild and deafening manner. Its father and mother combined to quiet it, first trying soothing and then clouting its bottom, but it took them ten minutes to shut off its caterwauling, and meanwhile the victuals had to wait.

When the party finally got to the table, the pastor arose and let go with a prayer that was of truly appalling range and length. He not only prayed earnestly for all the persons present; he also prayed for the Dutch royal family, for Woodrow Wilson, for Clemenceau, for Lloyd George, for the Dutch colonists in Michigan, for the lime-and-cement business, and for the heathen everywhere. Then, having got over all that ground, he prayed *against* the ex-Kaiser, the Crown Prince at Wieringen, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, and all the other German generals, with occasional flings at the Austrians, the Bulgarians, and the Turks. The bride from Kalamazoo, knowing little Dutch, could barely get the drift of it, so she devoted herself to a sly examination of the room they sat in. Unfortunately, there was only a single oil lamp on the table, and in consequence the ceiling, upper walls, and far corners were in shadow, but on the wall opposite she could see no less than five lithographs of Queen Wilhelmina—apparently a series showing with patriotic pride her gradual increase in bulk from a hundred and seventy-five pounds to two hundred and fifty.

The table itself was sufficiently lighted for a more minute survey. She counted six hams, a huge pile of black, red, gray, and green sausages, a bowl containing at least two hundred boiled eggs, a fish so large that it looked to be at least a dolphin, a loaf of rye bread two feet long and a foot thick, and no less than ten cheeses, some of them of the size of suitcases. She had been hungry when she arrived, but by the time the prayer ended her appetite had oozed out of her. Her husband ate diligently, urged on by his loving old mother, but after he had sampled five of the cheeses he began to look faint and begged for air. As for the child, it remained quiet enough until the old lady, having stoked the pastor, sawed off a slab of rye bread at least two inches thick, added a huge stratum of ham, and bade it eat. Its response was to resume its caterwauling, with the addition of loud demands for a plate of Shredded Wheat and prunes, its usual supper in Michigan.

The conversation at table, of course, was somewhat labored. The son tried to translate his mother's remarks and the much longer observations of the pastor, but his wife's mind kept straying from the subjects they treated, and the child went on whining and whimpering.

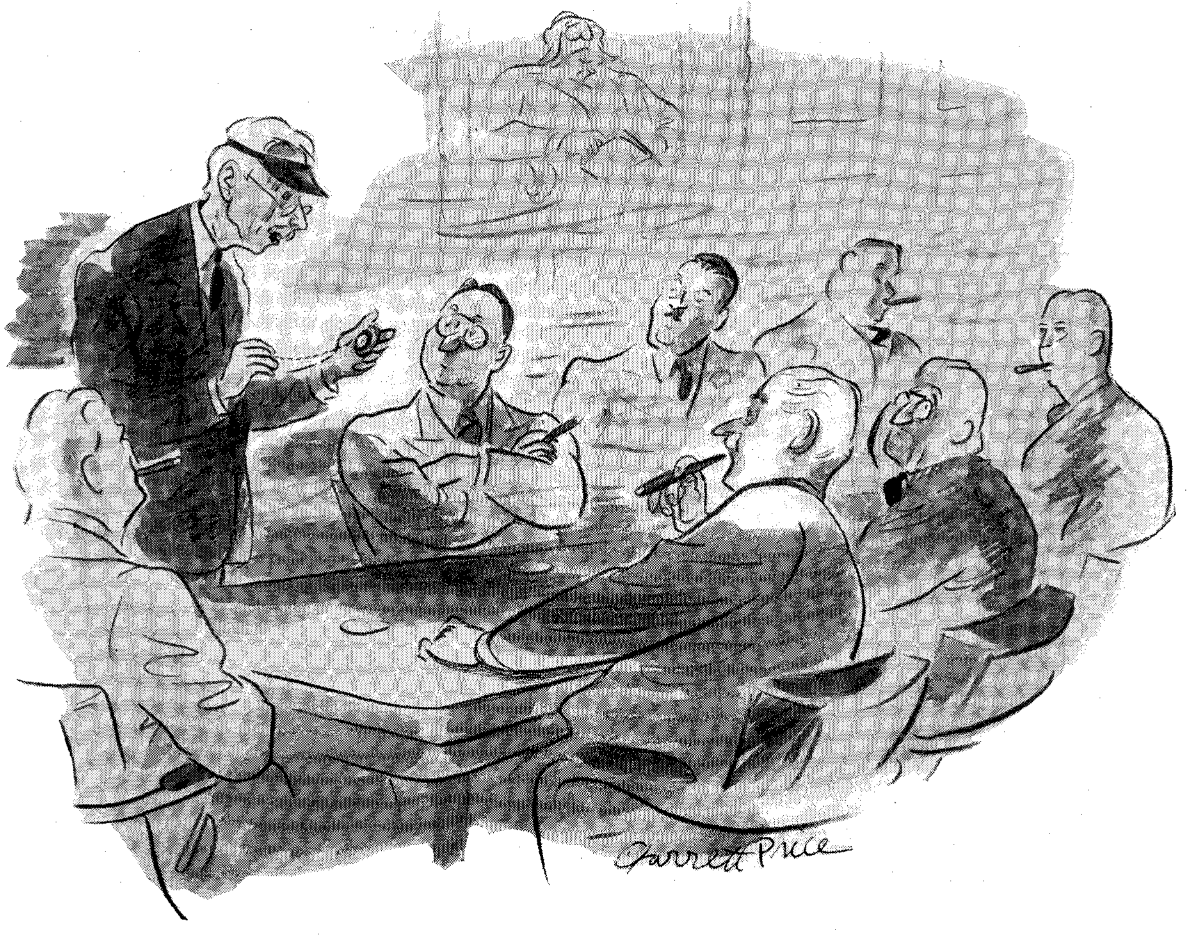
After the meal was got down at last and the pastor had prayed again—this time at less length, for he was pretty well gorged—the old lady suggested sensibly that the little girl must be tired out and had better be put to bed. Its mother agreed joyfully, and a march to the upper regions of the farmhouse began. It led up a stairway as dark as the family entrance to an old-time Raines Law hotel. The grandmother went ahead with a lamp fetched from the kitchen, but its light was hidden by her body, and the child began yowling again in a frantic manner, the while its mother tried to quiet it, and its father, who brought up the rear, took to swearing dismally in English and Dutch. The yowling continued while the undressing was going on, but the grand climax of the evening did not come until it was finished. Once the poor brat was in its nightie, its grandmother claimed the privilege of laying it in the bed awaiting it—the most sumptuous between Haarlem and the island of Texel. This had been stuffed with at least a hundred pounds of the finest goose feathers known to science—not the common ones that go into ordinary feather beds but fine pinfeathers from the most delicate and sanitary areas of adolescent geese specially bred and fed for the service. The old lady lifted the child fondly and then let it drop ever so gently. It gave a single bloodcurdling yell, and straightway disappeared.

The waiter told me that such phenomena were not uncommon in the feather-bed country. A really good bed, made of the supercolossal feathers I have described, was as soft as a powder puff. Getting into it required a complicated technique, and getting out was even more difficult. Why the old lady did not remember this, he did not say and I do not know; no doubt she was somewhat addled by the sad failure of her party and the general uproar. Whatever the fact, the child vanished like a stone thrown into water, and at once both its father and its mother leaped in after it, seeking to bring it to the surface and drag it ashore. When it came up at last its little face was purple, its psyche was aflame with complexes, and it was in the full tide of hysterics. So, indeed, was its mother. Grasping her rescued offspring to her breast, she shooed the heartbroken grandmother downstairs and then sat down to calm it. She remained at that labor, according to the waiter, until nearly 6 A.M. The dawn was reddening when the child finally fell asleep, and the mother fixed it a pallet on the floor. When she got to her own bedroom and found only the nose of her husband showing, she broke into whoops of her own, and it took him another half-hour to get her to bed herself. Even so, she refused to undress but went into the feathers with all her clothes on, including her shoes.

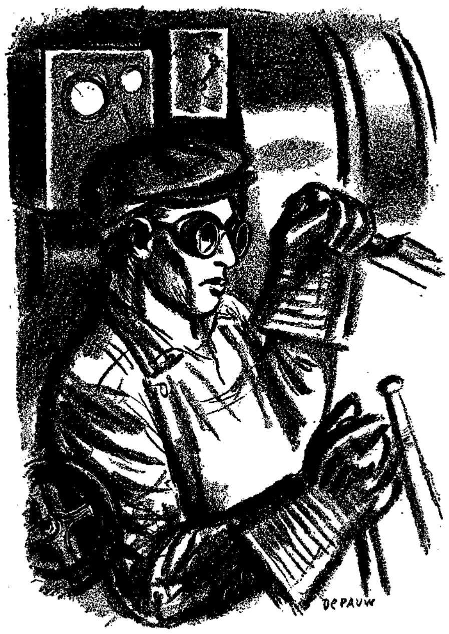
THE waiter said that the rest of the story was brief but melancholy. The poor old grandmother spent a miserable night herself, wondering why her welcome to her son and his family had been such a flop and trying to puzzle out the strange ways of American-born children. She determined to make amends by setting a breakfast in the most lavish North Holland style—the sort of thing that had brought her son down with grateful bellyaches when he was a boy. To that end she got her slavey out before dawn, and the two of them fell upon the job of preparing it. When her guests came down at last the table was spread even more royally than the evening before. On it stood a jar of every kind of preserves or pickle in her storeroom, and in the centre of them was a huge platter covered with forty or fifty fried eggs, sizzling. At one end was a ham to end all hams—it apparently came from a hippopotamus—with a *Blutwurst* and a *Leberwurst* to flank it, and at the other end was a cheese as big as *two* suitcases. The daughter-in-law took one look and then rushed out into the yard; something analogous to *mal de mer* had fetched her. The child, seeing her flee, ran after her, shrieking piteously, and the son made after the child.

At 9 A.M., continued the waiter, the three boarded the southbound Cannonball at the nearest flag stop, with the child still carrying on in a frenzied manner, and ten or twelve hours later they were in Rotterdam. The next day they started back for America—on the same ship that had brought them in only three days before. "The poor old woman," he concluded, "never got over it. She had been blowing about her rich son and his family for months, and now they had walked out on her. Whose fault was it? Nobody's. The pastor laid the whole thing to God, and I believe he was right."

—H. L. MENCKEN



"All I can say, gentlemen, is that after getting only two lousy raises in fifty years, this watch certainly comes as a great surprise to me."



PROFILES

THE SPINNER OF BOMB BAY

ALBERT HOLLINS is what is known as a worker. He has been an employed worker and an unemployed worker, an unskilled worker and a skilled worker. For a while he was a defense worker. Now he is a war worker. Approximately once a minute for eight hours, five days a week, he performs a dangerous operation on a piece of pipe. He operates on it with a machine called a spinner. When the piece of pipe comes to him, it looks like something you might find in a junk yard—a section of metal tubing of the sort used for gas mains. It is about three feet long, as big around as a gallon jug, and open at both ends. When Hollins is through with it, one end has been fashioned into a neat, tapering point and it has begun to take on a businesslike appearance. After a number of other things have been done to it by various other workers, it will be a bomb.

When Hollins has finished his operation on a piece of pipe, a helper removes it from Hollins' machine and starts it on its way down the assembly line of the bomb factory in which he works. At the other end of the assembly line a freight car is waiting. As the bomb-to-be moves away from Hollins and another helper puts a new one into his machine, Hollins lifts his left hand and wiggles the fingers, once. The gesture has become automatic and rhythmical. It represents in concentrated form a more elaborate blessing he gave the bombs the day after the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. On that Monday morning, Hollins waved to each bomb as it left him and said out loud, "Now go get the sonsabitches!" As the days went by, he cut this down to "Get the sonsabitches!," then to "Sonsabitches!," and finally he stopped talking to the bombs altogether. But he still waves to them. "I musta made enough of 'em to blow up the whole world," he has been saying lately. "When they going to start *dropping* 'em?"

Hollins is one of a dozen or so men at his plant who operate spinning machines. He sits behind a wire screen at a control board crowded with gauges and levers. In front of him, just to the right of the screen, is a gas furnace, which heats one end of the piece of steel tubing until it is white-hot. Also in front of him, at the left of the screen, is his machine, the spinner, which his levers control. One of Hollins' two helpers pulls a piece of tubing from the furnace and shoves it down a metal slide and into the spinner. As soon as it is in the spinner, the two helpers run back and stand beside him, behind the screen. Hollins pulls a lever and the spinner clamps down on the unheated end and begins to revolve the tube at high speed. He pulls another lever and two acetylene torches, held by mechanical arms, move close to the heated end, to keep it from cooling. Then Hollins pulls a third lever and a steel roller moves up to the spinning tube and begins to press and mold the white-hot metal into a point. Fragments of fiery steel break off now and then and fly through the air like shooting stars. The screen protects Hollins and his helpers from these. The real, though remote, danger in the operation is that the bomb, spinning at something like two thousand revolutions a minute, may work its way out of the spinner. The screen would not be of any use to Hollins and his helpers if that happened and the bomb came their way. A bomb got loose from one of the other spinners a few months ago and, though it didn't hit anybody, it went through the wall of the plant and onto the railroad tracks outside. Hollins has to watch closely and stop the machine if the bomb starts to work its way out of the spinner. He also has to know how much pressure to apply and how to make the point taper off to the proper specifications. On a good day he puts perfect points on several hundred bombs.

After the bomb leaves Hollins a somewhat similar operation has to be performed on its tail; then both nose and tail have to have threads machined on them so that caps can be screwed on; steel lugs have to be welded onto its sides so that it can be fastened to a bomber's rack; it has to be painted to prevent rust; and, finally, after it leaves Hollins' plant in a freight car, it has to go to a government arsenal to be loaded with high explosives. Hollins is inclined to think that what he does to the bomb is the most essential of all these operations. "If its nose wasn't pointed, what the hell kind of a bomb would it be?" he has asked some of his co-workers. They have argued variously that spinning the tail, putting on the threads, welding the lugs, and painting are the most important parts of the job of bomb-making. The argument has never been settled, but the workers in Hollins' plant agree that the job of loading the bomb at the arsenal is extremely simple and easy. "All they got to do when we finish with her," said one of the painters recently, "is hold her up and pour the stuff in her."

The steel mill in which Hollins is employed is in a small town in Pennsylvania. The section he works in is known as Bomb Bay, a bay being a portion of any large plant devoted to the manufacture of a particular article. One reason Hollins stopped talking to the bombs was that nobody could hear what he was saying to them. Bomb Bay is a good deal like a boiler factory, except that the bombs are not quite as big as boilers. All day and all night the bombs clang and ring, the furnaces roar, the heavy cranes rumble as they move overhead. The gas furnaces make the air smoky and the white-hot steel gives off acrid fumes, hard on the throat.

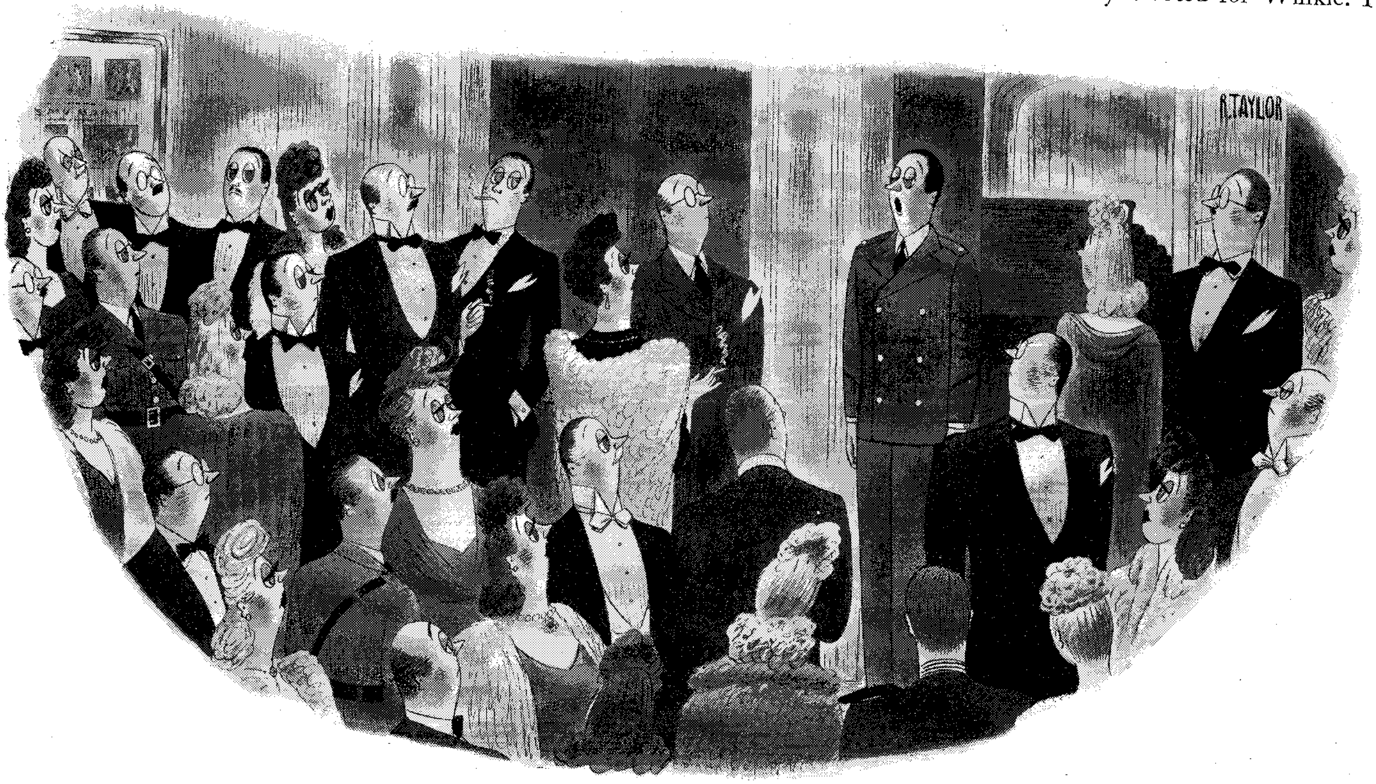
Hollins, like most of his fellow-workers in Bomb Bay, is not particularly conscious of the noise or the smell. Working in a steel plant seems to him the natural thing for a man to do. During the depression, when he was looking for his first job, he couldn't get work in any of the steel plants in his home town or nearby, and although he found work as a counterman in restaurants and once had a good job in a gas station, he didn't like those ways of making a living. He felt uncomfortable working at jobs that had nothing to do with the steel industry. He felt out of things. When he looked for other kinds of work he went away from home to find them because he didn't want people in his town to see him working in restaurants or gas stations. Then the steel mills began to hire men again and he quit his gas-station job and got into one of the plants, even though he had to take less money at first than he was making at the gas station. Now, when he gets to talking to somebody in a bar or at the roller-skating rink where he spends a lot of his spare time, and is asked what he is doing, he says with easy satisfaction, "Oh, I'm over at Bomb Bay making bombs. I'm a spinner."

Hollins is just under thirty, short and slim, strong and healthy, with mild manners and an attitude that is reasonable rather than aggressive. He is not a tough guy. He hasn't been in a fight since he was a schoolboy and he looks down on what he considers the lower element in his town, the first-generation families of immigrants from Central Europe. From the point of view of the steel companies, he is more civilized than the steelworker of earlier times; from the point of view of the labor unions, he is more repressed. He is proud, jealous of his individuality, and would be the last man on earth to say that he is a slave. He considers the company he works for an adversary rather than a master. Sometimes he feels good-natured about the company, sometimes indignant about it. He will argue passionately with workers who have a more radical outlook than his, who claim that the steel companies have exploited labor for generations. He prefers to think of the capital-labor situation as a struggle in which he sometimes loses, sometimes wins.

Like most of his fellow-workers, Hollins belongs to the local C.I.O. affiliate and pays his dues of a dollar a month. Like more than half of the union members, he doesn't take an active interest in the union and doesn't go to union meetings regularly. When he has a complaint he usually takes it up with his foreman. He prefers to settle his own difficulties with the company in his own way and won't take his case to the union unless he is sure he can't make the company see his point by himself. "A union ain't necessarily got a man's best interests at heart," he says. "I've seen too many labor leaders who are just getting themselves fixed up, taking care of themselves and nobody else. Maybe if you got a hundred-per-cent union membership, you got something. But if you ain't got a hundred-per-cent union membership, you ain't got nothing. You got to know what you're doing and how to do it, that's all. You got to know how much you ought to get paid and how to get it."

Hollins makes, on an average, about $44 a week just now. He thinks he should be making no less than $50 a week. "I know how hard I work and how quick I turn out the bombs, and I know it's worth a hundred bucks every two-week payday," he says. Along with several other spinners of Bomb Bay, he has been complaining regularly to the foreman, as well as to the plant superintendent when he gets a chance. His complaint is that the piecework bonus plan has, as he puts it, been figured out all wrong. "You can't spin them bombs no quicker than we're spinning 'em lately," he says, "and if the piecework bonus plan was figured out right we'd be drawing down a hundred bucks every two-week payday. I think the company'll change it pretty soon so's we get that much. The government says the company can't make no more than a ten-per-cent profit. All right. Let them make that, but give us some profit, too. If the piecework bonus plan was figured out right, we'd be getting those twelve, fourteen more dollars every two-week payday."

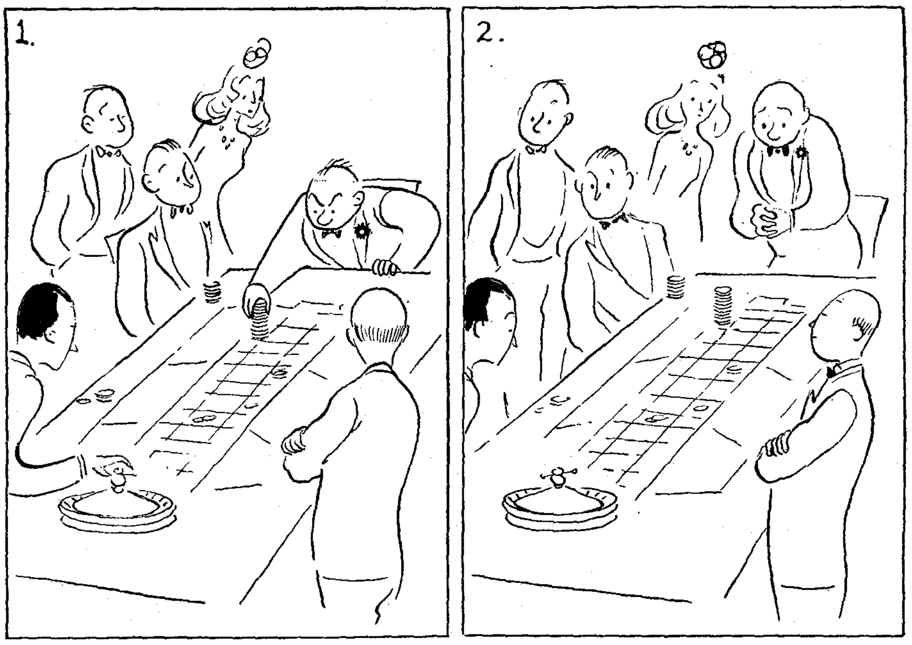
On most public questions, Hollins is as conservative as a New York taxi-driver. He voted for Willkie for President, as most of the steelworkers seem to have done, some of them influenced, perhaps, by the anti-Roosevelt stand of John L. Lewis. Hollins has his own theories about Roosevelt. "You get a man like Roosevelt, a friend of labor and all, and that's mighty fine and sweet," he says, "but when you got a job to be done, I say get a man who's been a company boss himself. I ain't saying Roosevelt ain't doing all right now, but, anyhow, that's why I voted for Willkie. I



"Curtain going up. Third act—and a bitter disappointment it is."

seen these friends of labor work out wrong many a time trying to run a plant. They trick it all up with recreation rooms and free parking and I don’t know what-all sorts of goddam dewdads, and what happens? The plant goes busted and everybody gets thrown out. Or else the guys that plays the best basketball gets all the breaks and bonuses in the shop. You gimme a tough boss who knows his business and I can take care of myself without his being no friend of labor or a friend of mine—or my uncle’s.”

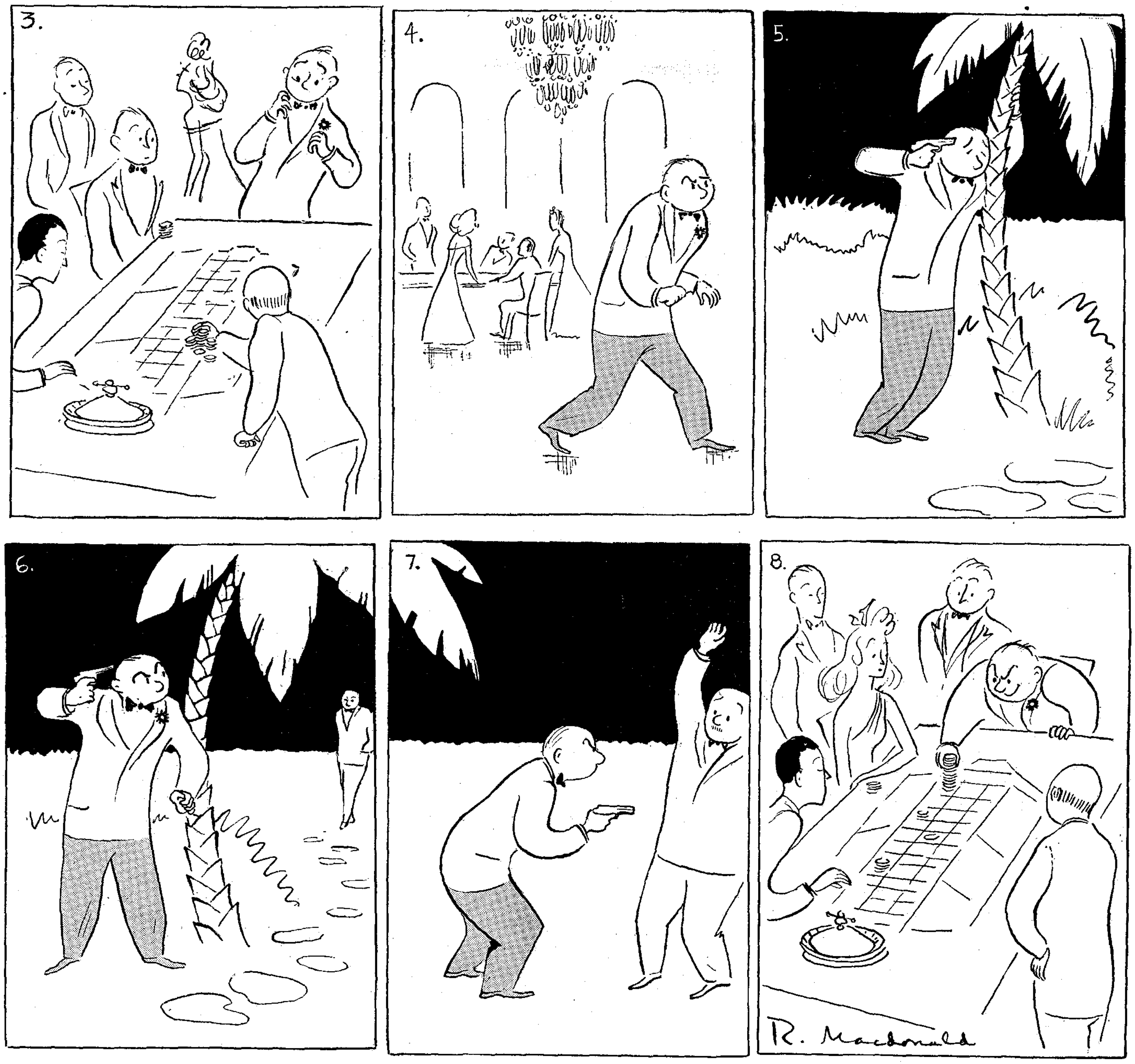
HOLLINS was born in the town he now works in and has lived there all his life except for a couple of years during the depression, when he travelled over the country, finding work wherever he could, not eating very regularly, and sleeping in freight cars a good deal of the time. He was six years old when the World War ended, seventeen when the depression started. His father, who was killed by an automobile last August on his way home from work, had spent fifty-one years in the steel mills and had raised a family of five children, all either steelworkers themselves now or married to steelworkers. The Hollins home was a seven-room frame house in a residential district that might be compared to the cheaper sections of Flushing. The house was built on a plot of about half an acre. Both the elder Hollins and his wife were industrious people of English and Pennsylvania Dutch stock. They had chickens, and they had a vegetable patch that covered the front and back yards, except for a small square of grass just outside the front door. In the good years, from the beginning of the first World War until 1929, the family felt almost prosperous. There was always a car, usually a Chevrolet, and all the children had plenty of food and good enough clothes. During the depression, when the head of the family seldom had more than one day’s work a week at the mill, the chickens and the vegetable garden helped the family to survive. “It was bad, bad as could be,” said Hollins’ mother recently, “and I don’t know what we would have done without the chicken farm. When I saw that movin’ picture, called ‘Mutiny on the Bounty,’ about that Captain Bligh a couple of years ago, I said to Mr. Hollins, ‘That was us.’ We were rationin’ and rationin’ down to almost nothin’ for a while there, just like they did in the open boat in that picture. But we were a whole lot better off than most of the folks around here.”



Albert was the oldest of the children. He went through grade school and started high school, but after a couple of years of that, he says, he wasn’t learning anything more that he wanted to know and he quit. It was 1930 and he was seventeen. “There weren’t no jobs and I couldn’t stand it around the house, everybody was so down in the mouth,” he says now. “I told ’em I was going to travel around for a while and I started out. Lots of kids were doing the same thing then, you know. I got out West, hitchhiking and on the freights, and I followed the harvests around, picking beets and potatoes and working in wheat fields and stuff like that. Some of the time I was hungry and some of the time I wasn’t. I had a break in Wyoming—town named Rock Springs. I got in a walkathon contest and won a second prize—two hundred and fifty dollars. Oh boy! That gave me some influence. I met a lot of people, like the mayor and all, and then I got into the CCC with their help. I was in that about a year. Then a buddy of mine in the CCC and me, we took out for Georgia, where his home was, and his old man set us up in a little restaurant—well, a counter and four or five stools it was. We were doing all right, but I didn’t like it down there. The dames in Georgia are silly as hell and everybody, guys and dames and everybody, talk silly and kind of hang around all the time, laughing and talking. I got sick to my stomach with them and came on home.

“Things weren’t as bad back home, but they were bad enough. The mills still wasn’t hiring much and I got this gas-station job over around Pittsburgh, where I didn’t know nobody. I was pretty young, I guess, and kind of stuck up—well, anyway, I didn’t want to be seen working in no gas station. I got up to twenty-seven fifty a week in a year, and then Dad, he told me he thought I could get on as a laborer up at the plant—same plant he had always worked in—with a chance to work into machining, and so I got on and quit the gas station. I started at twenty-five dollars a week and I been there ever since, and when Bomb Bay got going a year and a half ago I’m promoted to this spinner’s job, making bombs. I been lucky, I guess, all in all.”

SEVEN years ago, Hollins married a girl who had grown up in the same neighborhood. He was twenty-two then and she was seventeen. Working on his days off from the gas station, he had built a three-room bungalow in the back yard of his father’s house in anticipation of their marriage, and they settled down in it after a weekend honeymoon in a Pittsburgh hotel. A baby girl was born to them a year later, and when Hollins got his job as a spinner they rented a five-room house about a mile down the highway from his father’s. They live there now. Young Mrs. Hollins does all her own work, including the washing and ironing. She has to keep house with considerable ingenuity. For five days her husband works from seven in the morning until three in the afternoon, for his five days the next week he works from three in the afternoon until eleven at night, and for the next five days from eleven at night until seven in the morning. When Hollins is



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on the shift from 11 P.M. to 7 A.M., he and his wife go out a good deal in the afternoon and evening—to the roller-skating rink or to the movies or to a friend's house for dinner—but in spite of that they both prefer the shift from 3 P.M. to 11 P.M. That way, Hollins comes home about half past eleven at night, gets a long sleep, and still has all morning and half the afternoon to fool around the house, play with the baby, and do a few chores. That seems normal to them. Both hate the 7 A.M.-to-3 P.M. shift; Hollins can't seem to relax in the evening and doesn't want to go out when he knows he has to get up so early the next morning.

Hollins feels secure on his present wages. "Hell, we have everything we want," he said recently. "except a car." The rent for the house is $35 a month and food costs them about $35 more. "Besides that," he says, "there's five bucks a month for electricity. The rest is for luxuries." He seems to consider clothing, occasional doctors' bills, and such items luxuries. Both Hollins and his wife have new coats and new shoes, Hollins has a new suit, and Mrs. Hollins has three new dresses suitable for going to the movies or the skating rink. Both are experienced roller-skaters and they like roller-skating more than any other form of recreation they know. The rink has a juke box, a beer bar, and a lunch counter where you can buy a sandwich if you get hungry. They gave each other ice skates for Christmas and tried them out on a nearby lake one afternoon, but came back home rather disappointed. "You skate on the ice," says Hollins. "All right, you skate on the ice. But where's the fun in that?"

Every week some of the Hollinses' surplus income goes to the furniture store where they bought most of their furniture on the installment plan. Their house still isn't fully furnished, but they think it is comfortable. There is a living room, which has a three-piece suite (a davenport and two overstuffed chairs, all of modern design), a cabinet radio, and a table with a lamp on it. They use this room rarely. They usually sit in the kitchen, which has a dinette in a corner, and when they want to listen to the radio they turn it up loud so that they can hear in the kitchen. Upstairs are three bedrooms, but Hollins and his wife and the baby all sleep in the same room. "We

"Barometer 1016. Tomorrow partly cloudy, occasional rain, easterly winds, not much change in temperature."

• •

don't know what the hell to do with them other two rooms," Hollins says. "I guess, when the baby gets older, we'll put her in one of 'em."

Hollins likes to work with his hands, likes the satisfaction of doing something for himself instead of paying somebody to do it for him. His father-in-law has a coalpit in his back yard, a vein of coal so close to the surface of the ground that it can be dug out with a pick and shovel. On one of his days off, Hollins usually goes over to the pit and digs coal for a couple of hours, bringing back a few large scuttlefuls for the kitchen stove. He likes the idea of digging his own coal. When anything in the house needs to be fixed, he fixes it. In the summer he always goes over to his mother's house and helps her can the vegetables from the garden. Nobody in the Hollins family ever has to buy vegetables. Every summer his mother puts up enough to last all winter. "Why pay the old A. & P.?" Hollins would like to know.

The war doesn't concern Hollins in the way it concerns many of his fellow-citizens. "Before I started making bombs," he says, "I used to read all the papers and worry about this and worry about that and argue this way and that way about whether we should get in or stay out or what the hell. But when I started making bombs, I figure we'll be getting in it all right and I figure I don't have to worry any more as long as I make bombs and make 'em as fast as I can. It's a break that way for me to be making bombs. I don't worry. Now I got a friend, fellow works in a factory over the way, and you know what he makes? Hairpins! Yes, sir, he makes hairpins. Well, he worries all the time. I tell him what the hell, they gotta have hairpins, but it ain't no use. He feels bad and he tells me the other day his production's lousy and getting lousier.

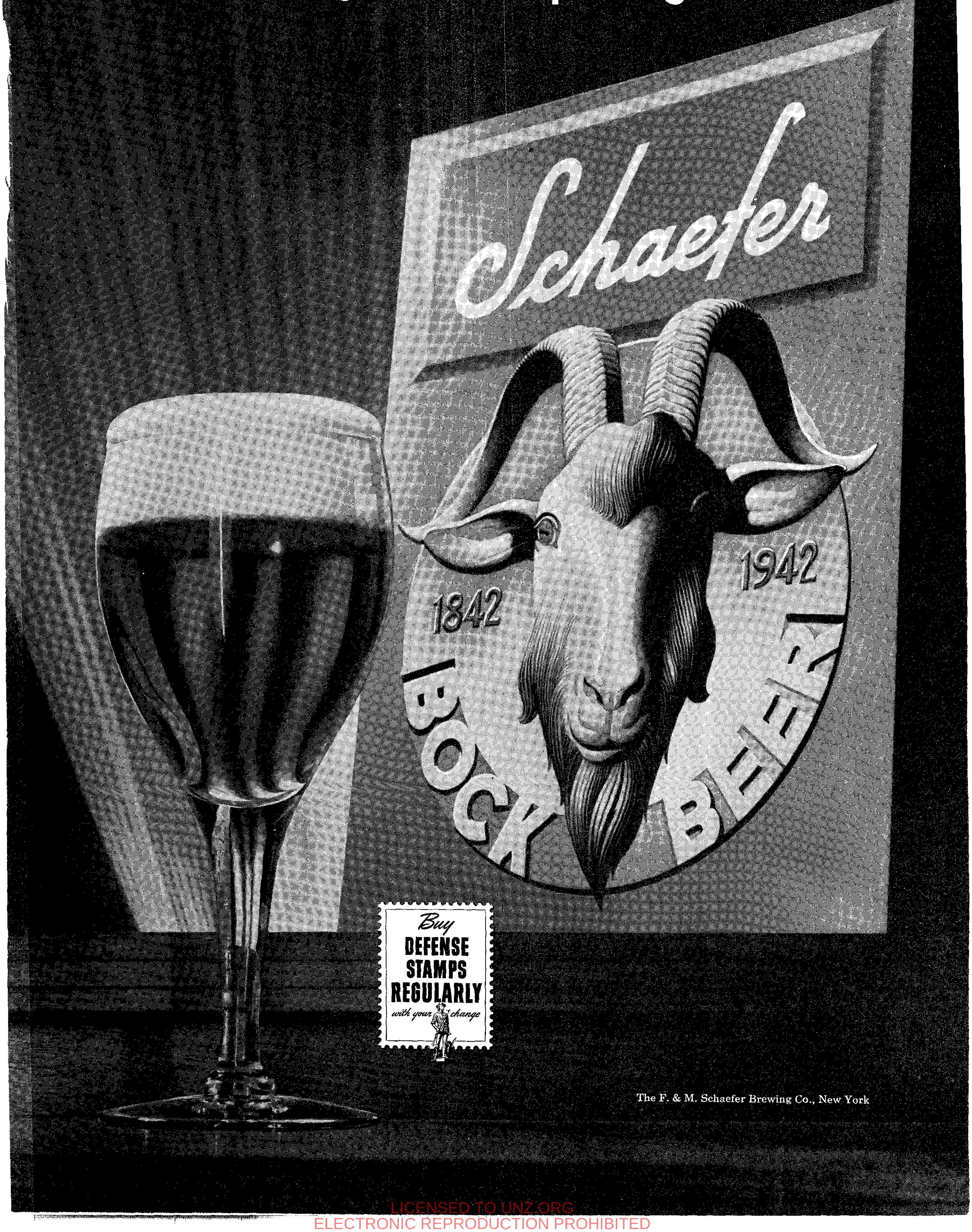
"But the guys I feel sorry for in this war is the soldiers. I be damn if I can see what's fair about the way they're treated. You know how much they get? Twenty-one or maybe thirty-one a month, for the love of God, and they got to pay their own laundry bills. Of course, they get their housing and their food, but even so, they work hard and, on top of that, they've got to risk their lives. Well, why can't they be paid as well as I am, or nearly as well, anyway? If the company can afford to pay me, why can't the government afford to pay them? I don't think it's fair and I can't figure it out. It's a hell of a note."

HOLLINS goes to work with a friend who lives out his way and works at the plant. The friend charges twenty cents a day for the ride there and back. He picks up five or six workers besides Hollins and is using the money to pay for his 1941 Chrysler. Most of Hollins' friends are men he grew up with in his old neighborhood, and most of them work in Bomb Bay or in another steel plant. Like him, they are members of the town's old families, and they don't mingle with the first-generation workers. Hollins and his friends had a favorite bar last spring where they used to meet sometimes in the evening, but, according to Hollins, "a sort of a bad crowd—hunkies and so on" began patronizing the place, and Hollins and his friends had to find a new one.

Hollins doesn't get much chance to make friends at Bomb Bay. There is no time for casual conversation, and if the men did try to talk to each other, they would have to shout because of the noise. Hollins works through his eight hours with hardly a break, because he wants to turn out as many bombs as he can. His helpers are also paid on a piecework basis and are as eager as he is to speed up production. Although Hollins and all his fellow-workers thought they were working as fast as they could for the year and a half before the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, the daily production of bombs in Bomb Bay has increased about six per cent since then.

The workers bring their lunches with them and eat quickly, standing up, or sitting on a cool bomb. Hollins and his helpers usually have their lunch while their machine is being oiled and cleaned by the millwrights, who come around once during the eight hours. Sometimes Hollins takes four or five raw wienies

Thirst sign of Spring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1942
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MAX GORDON HITS
"A HONEY OF A SHOW" —Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
SECOND LAUGH YEAR!
BILTMORE, W. 47 St. CI 6-9353
Evs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"Buoyant, giddy & funny" —Atkinson, Times
JUNIOR MISS
LYCEUM, 45 St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. at 2:40

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A Farce By NOEL COWARD
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GEORGE ABBOTT'S musical hit
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Vincent PRICE • Judith EVELYN • Leo G. CARROLL
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SONS O' FUN
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with him and roasts them over a red-hot bomb he has just worked on. A good many workers have seen him doing this and have begun to bring hot dogs themselves. "It makes a good meal instead of the cold sandwiches," says Hollins, "and it don't take no time at all to roast a dog over one of them bombs."

—St. Clair McKelway

•

THE SHAKESPEARE HIT PARADE

I

My boy friend Percy
Is full of jollity,
But he's got that quality
Of mercy.

Oh, oh, that quality of mercy,
It has no strain;
It falls from heaven
Like the gentle rain,
And it's better than the crown of a
 king—
Yes, my boy friend Percy, he's got that
 thing,
The quality of mercy,
He's . . . got it.

II

Oh, some put their dough
In the savings banks,
But I say no, no, no,
No thanks.
 Because
I know a bank where a wild time blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet
 grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious
 woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and the
 eglantine.
 Oh, oh, that good old bank—
 I said that bank—
That bank where a wild time blows.

III

Riches and power
May last for an hour,
But tough luck is like a fellow's wife:
It's sweet and lasts the rest of your life.
 Yes, sir,
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Just like a toad with a jewel in its head,
Just like Mr. William Shakespeare
 said—
He's dead.
But life on the farm for me, by jing,
Where the trees they speak,
And the brooks they sing,
And there's a good, good good
In everything!

—Franklin P. Adams

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THE THEATRE

THE THEATRE

THE TERRIBLE WEAK

GIVE me a sunny schoolroom and introduce a little monster; give me a dear old lady and assault her with a demon art collector; give me an innocent Ohio household and shatter its sanity with Mr. Woollcott; give me, in fact, any Eden and insert the proper serpent, and I am practically certain to admire your play. "Guest in the House," at the Plymouth, is by no means to be classed with "The Children's Hour," "Kind Lady," or "The Man Who Came to Dinner," but it contains elements of all three (not to mention traces of "Angel Street," "Arsenic and Old Lace," and "George Washington Slept Here"), and I found it quite a cheerful experience.

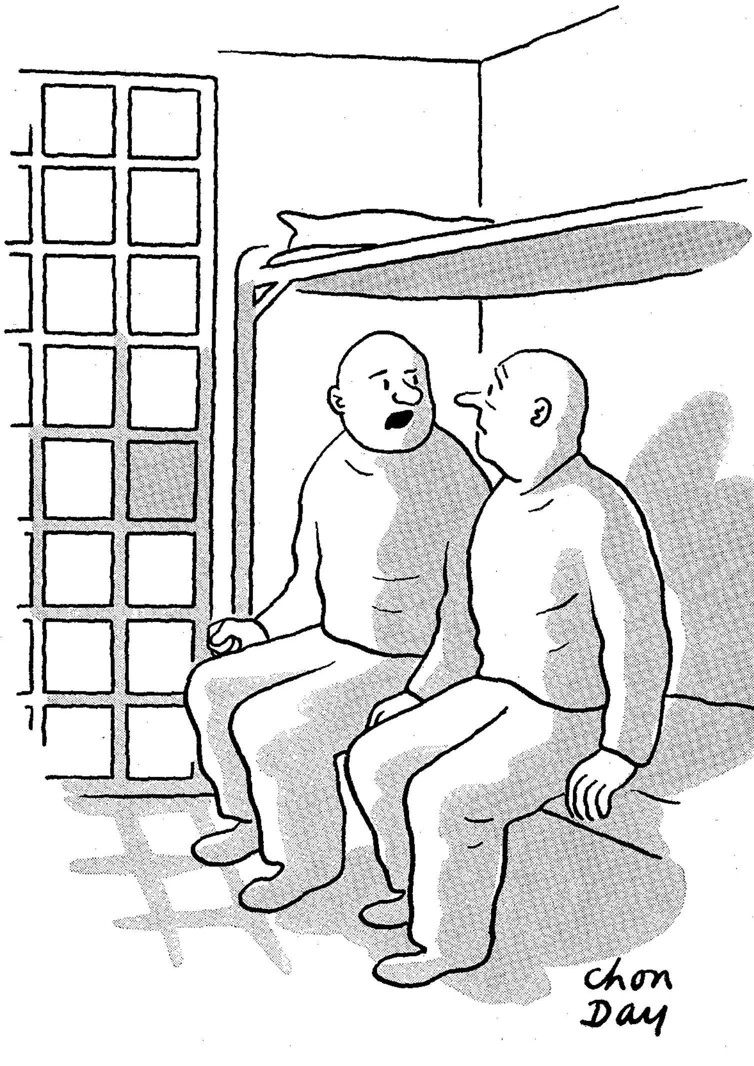
The paradise conceived by Hagar Wilde and Dale Eunson is a remodelled Connecticut farmhouse inhabited by a commercial artist and his family, and its innocence may be imagined when I tell you that the mistress of the establishment is also secretary of the local parent-teacher association. The curse that descends on them is a young woman suffering not only from a weak heart but also from some sexual obsessions that would have tickled Dr. Freud. She works quickly. In no time at all, the artist is on the verge of delirium tremens; his wife has begun to suspect his behavior with his models (I couldn't quite see myself why a man illustrating advertisements always found it necessary to work from the nude); his ten-year-old daughter has taken to having her meals sent up on a tray; the servants have packed off indignantly, right in the middle of preparing some hollandaise sauce; and the house is infested with tabloid journalists, scenting rural orgies. "There's been some trouble here," a character observes, surveying this shambles, and I could see what she meant.

I will not diminish your pleasure by telling you how the Proctors are finally able to dispense with their batty guest, except to say that she makes the mistake of keeping a diary, perhaps a lesson for all of us, and in the end she is undone by a bird. There is a good deal of genial absurdity about all this (it may be that the authors get a few laughs they weren't exactly counting on) and even the dullest customer is sometimes apt to find himself a length or two ahead of the plot, but, judged on its own level, it seems to me quite a fetching little piece, and I think you'll enjoy it.

Mary Anderson, as the cause of all the trouble, plays "Liebestraum" on the phonograph until you're likely to go crazy yourself and behaves generally in a very fiendish and talented manner. The others, especially Louise Campbell, Pert Kelton, and Leon Ames, are all admirable, and Raymond Sovey's suburban interior is light, airy, and altogether suitable for this kind of dirty work.

"UNDER THIS ROOF," at the Windsor, is a high-minded moral treatise, rather arbitrarily presented in the form of a play. The characters, while appearing to represent some people who lived in Massachusetts between 1846 and 1873, are really not much more than a collection of pamphlets assembled by the author to demonstrate his theories about liberal democracy. From time to time they talk knowingly about Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, and that mob, and their lives are bound up to a certain extent in the Civil War, but I'm afraid they don't belong either to the world or to the theatre. They are just refugees from a Boston library. The prose accompanying "Under This Roof" is so stilted and peculiar that, with the exception of Barbara O'Neil, a valuable recovery from the films, none of the cast can do much with it. On the whole, their accents are also a little primitive and my deepest sympathy goes to one of them billed in the program as "Horace." Everybody calls him "Horse."

—WOLCOTT GIBBS



"I knew what I wanted, and I went after it."

•

Lieutenant Alden E. Clifford, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Clifford, reports he has arrived at an undisclosed destination.
—*Bartlesville (Okla.) paper.*

On his way to the mysterious East?

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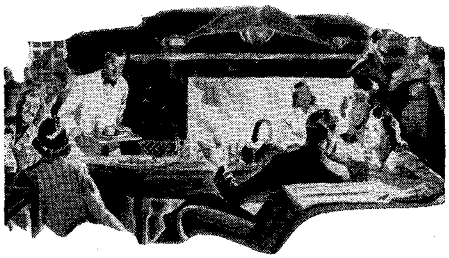

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LETTER FROM LONDON

MARCH 1 (BY CABLE)

DISASTERS sometimes accomplish quickly what the slow will of the people, bent on the same results, can't achieve in months. It took a Singapore to bring about the remodelling of the War Cabinet and the shifting of unpopular ministers for which the country had been hoping for so long. Maybe Mr. Churchill bowed to the public's opinion; more probably he had changed his own somewhere in the stormy passage of the last black days in Malaya. On the whole, people seem inclined to feel truly thankful for what they have received in the recent shakeup, though there's a sensible reservation of enthusiasm over the shift of men until it can be seen whether the new ones mean shifts of policy and administration too. The profoundly concerned and critically disposed public doesn't suppose that, just because the old roof has been patched up at the top, all the supporting structure has necessarily been made sound, but the general mood is certainly more hopeful than it was.

Some of the names in the new administration were practically unknown to the average citizen until last week. For instance, to most Britons the appointment of Sir James Grigg to head the War Office was totally unexpected, and they weren't displeased by a vigorous press campaign which assured them of his toughness, bluffness, and lack of compunction about kicking brass-hat inefficiency all over the lot whenever he encountered it. Since these are also the much-publicized qualities attributed to Lord Beaverbrook, maybe the Grigg buildup was intended to console people for the dropping of the short-lived Ministry of Production, which surprised everybody. The appointment of Lord Cranborne to the Colonial Office was popular. One of the younger statesmen of the Eden school, he has a reputation for integrity and courage, characteristics that he demonstrated in his first speech as Minister to the House of Lords, in which he frankly admitted that the quick collapse of Singapore was as staggering a shock to the government as it was to the man in the street. Nowhere, it is ruefully conceded, are such ventilating powers more needed than in the dusty depths of the Colonial Office, which the recent disastrous events have brought into critical daylight.

While the present dreary post-mortem over Malaya is in progress, there is fresh hope that the problem of India is at last going to be tackled with imagination, and before it's too late. Few intelligent Britons think that postwar Asia will settle down into the cozy old pattern of Empire, with mad dogs and Englishmen in sole enjoyment of the midday sun. How realistically Britain intends to coöperate in the new pattern may be indicated by the declaration of Indian policy which Mr. Churchill is expected to make this coming week.

Because of the concessions which the Prime Minister made to the general uproar of dissatisfaction, there was little noise over his decision to go on doubling in the rôle of Minister of Defense. Lots of people, however, feel that, whoever holds the office, the title is all wrong, as it smacks too much of the Birmingham umbrella school of safety first, which still, it is feared, casts a fatal shadow over the conduct of the war. They say that what Britain needs is a Minister of Offense who would knock on the head the morale-destroying tendency of necessary caution to slip into a paralysis of inaction.

IN all the talk in every kind of circle, and especially among the fighting services themselves, there seems to be the same desire for even a token showing of the spirit of initiative which is envied as well as admired in the Russian achievements. Friday's parachute raid on France may have been only a small straw in the wind, but it was the best-looking straw that vastly cheered Britons had seen for some time. People are eager, too, as those at the top until recently have apparently failed or been too timid to realize, for a more toughly waged war on the home front as well as elsewhere. The readiness to be told unpalatable facts was pointed up by the tremendous enthusiasm over the elevation to the Cabinet of Sir Stafford Cripps, who doesn't hesitate to deal them out without any polite shilly-shallying and whose appointment raised cheers even from sections of the press and public which previously might have been expected to fight shy of the former stormy petrel of the Labour Party.

The hold that Sir Stafford has obtained over the popular imagination, largely on the strength of two successful years in Moscow and two first-rate speeches since his return, is an extraordinary one. Here, people seem to feel, is a man who is capable of asking them for blood, sweat, and tears, not impersonally at some unspecified date but as a personal contribution to be delivered immediately. His austere opening speech as leader of the Commons, in which he insisted that all extravagances and popular amusements, such as dog racing and boxing matches, should be drastically curtailed, sounded just the note the public needed. His remarks about boxing matches were a result of the rumpus over a recent bout at the Albert Hall which forty-five hundred people took time out from the war to attend. Plenty of critics would like to see horse racing put on ice for the remainder of the war, too, since race meetings mean a large gathering of cars and cars eat petrol; it's also felt that the seven hundred and twenty-seven horses in training in England today eat up fodder which could be more usefully diverted to increasing the milk supply. Other measures which have been suggested lately are a severe rationing of tobacco and alcohol, further reduction of the sale of cosmetics, and the prohibition of the serving of any meal costing more than five shillings.

Britain seems to suspect that until she has been geared to a more Spartan way of living her outsides won't look right to the Russians and, what's more, that her insides won't feel right to the British. That Spartan living, like it or not, is plainly indicated for the future was the unmistakable message which emerged from the Prime Minister's alarming announcement of the jump in shipping losses, the gloomiest item in a week of gloomy news. The Director of Mining Supplies has prophesied that food for pit ponies is going to run short and urges feeding them straw-pulp silage. The public has been asked to overcome its prejudice against eating eels, which are to be more extensively caught and marketed, and to try washing clothes in the peasant French manner, with wood ash and water instead of soap. A priest has suggested that, to save precious metal, brass name plates might be left off coffins. Even the dead, it appears, will be asked to go short in the long, hard siege which the living now know is just ahead of them. —MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

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PHILADELPHIA—MARINE CORPS POSTER, SECOND GRAPH, MAKE READ X X X A BOLD-FACED CAPTION. (NOT CAPTAIN.)
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—*A. P. correction received by a newspaper.*

Those officers are a little touchy.

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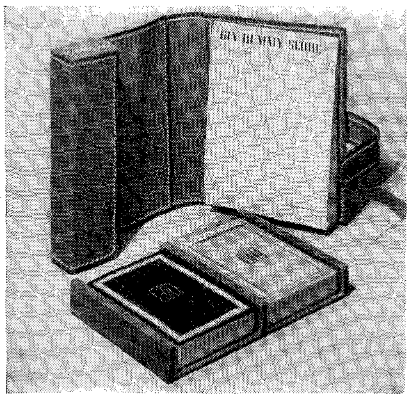

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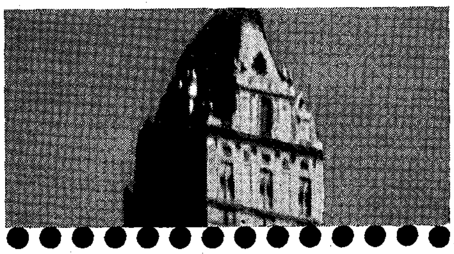

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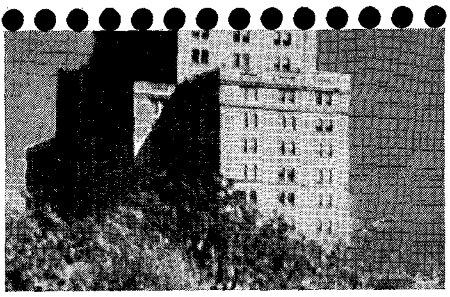
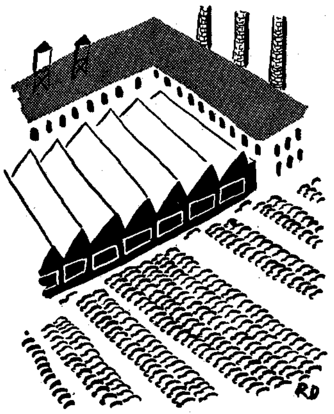


ALL THE OTHER GIRLS

Sue said all the other girls were allowed to, whether they were thirteen or even under. All the other girls stayed up until ten at night if their work was done, played the radio while they wrote compositions, because it "honestly helps," were learning how to drive cars, used lipsticks if they expected to see a boy, could go to the drugstore whenever they wanted if they had the price, wore from three to seven charm bracelets at school, and had permanents.

Mrs. Barnes tried to break this argument down and partially succeeded. Not all the girls did all these things, but most of them did most of them. Whenever Sue became excited she stuttered, and, through a rush of consonants and saliva, Mrs. Barnes found that Ruth Anne did not need a permanent but had two radio sets and sat up until eleven if she felt like it, Jean never did her homework for Monday until late Sunday night, and Harriet wore nylon stockings to school.

Mr. Barnes enjoyed Sue and would not take any of these problems seriously. He liked having Sue appeal to him as a witness, and he thought her stutter very cute. "M-make us M-M-Martinis," he would say to her when there were guests for dinner. Sue liked cracking the ice and knew which to stir and which to shake, and she seemed, even to Mrs. Barnes, quite sweet and obliging as she passed the drinks and then carried the tray out into the pantry. Nellie always lent her an apron if there was company, and Mrs. Barnes had to admit that Sue was never fresh to the guests. It made a hit when she came in ahead of Nellie, went first to the ladies, and then later, when the glasses were nearly empty, said to the men, "D-d-dividend?"



After one such party, Mrs. Barnes hit upon what seemed to her a great plan. She confided it to Mr. Barnes as they were getting ready for bed.

"I am going to ask ten of the mothers of the leaders—the girls who seem to set the pace—to tea. Then, very informally, we can make a sort of parents' union as to what the children can and cannot do. A common bedtime, the movies only once a week. We won't say anything to the children, but we'll all have an understanding." She was quite delighted.

Mr. Barnes looked skeptical. "They may have their own ideas," he said, "if some of the girls are learning to drive planes and becoming ballet dancers."

"Nonsense," Mrs. Barnes said. "I don't believe any of that. I can't see why I didn't think of this before."

"Are you going to ask Mrs. Eccles?" said Mr. Barnes.

This was a problem. Mrs. Eccles was undeniably common—in fact, rather fast—and had not lived in Westford Hills long. But Louise Eccles was in the class at school and a minor leader.

"Yes, I am," Mrs. Barnes said. "It will be a sort of democratic front. We will have the same interest—the children's good—and what we feel about each other personally is not significant."

"Well, ask my old girl, Mrs. Rogers," Mr. Barnes said.

"Oh, of course. Though she has so many children that she never seems very interested about little Ellie, who gets terrible reports."

"But her older brothers," Mr. Barnes said.

It was true. Mrs. Rogers had seven children, who went all the way from nineteen to three. Because there were two boys who were the right age for all the young girls of Sue's class, Mrs. Rogers was much courted, especially around the holidays. Mrs. Barnes never felt Mrs. Rogers was quite concerned enough over her children's problems, and she had not even attended the school play, but then it must be a little more complicated with so many.

The afternoon arrived. Six mothers had definitely accepted. Four of them, perhaps smelling a rat, had declined. The children were staying after school for basketball practice, so no suspicions would be aroused. Mrs. Barnes had thought of putting out seven pads and seven pencils, but then decided it looked too official. She would casually produce them when the right moment came. The tea table looked attractive, the lettuce sandwiches were not wet, the affair in no way suggested a meeting.

The first to arrive was Mrs. Eccles. She wore a very well-cut black dress with red gloves, which matched her belt, which matched her shoes. Though imported perfume was almost impossible to get, the room seemed full of it. The other women came soon after her, and Mrs. Barnes marvelled at how their ages varied, considering their daughters were all in the same class. The last to appear was the oldest, Mrs. Rogers, in a tweed skirt and sweater, her slip showing a full inch.

"Well," she said, "this looks pleasant. I hope we're all going to have a good game of bridge."

Mrs. Barnes quickly explained. "No, this is really for us mothers to get a little acquainted, since our daughters are such good friends."

There were polite exclamations from all the mothers: "Your Sue is adorable with her stutter," "Ruth Anne is such a merry little girl."

"Ah, what would we do without them!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins. "They keep us young."

"They don't me," said Mrs. Rogers. "They wear me down. I don't want to have anything to do with them. I just close the door."

The ladies gave the courteous, indulgent laugh that they reserved for Mrs. Rogers; that is, for the creator of two boys of the right age.

This was the moment, and Mrs. Barnes seized on it. "Don't you think," she began, with a particularly cordial smile, "don't you think, so we won't age in the service, we might mutually agree on a few points about our children —oh, such as movies, bedtime, any of the things that the children seem to feel deeply about—and then, if all the girls can or cannot do it, there won't be disputes?"

To her surprise, this was met with complete silence. Finally Mrs. Eccles spoke. "Mr. Eccles and I don't permit disputes."

"Well, perhaps 'disputes' is too strong a word. Arguments is what I mean."

"We couldn't have that," Mrs. Eccles said. "A home must be harmonious."

"When they fight, close the door on the other side," murmured Mrs. Rogers.

"A little thing like bedtime," Mrs. Barnes said. "It's a discussion with Sue every night, and I hear about all the other girls."

"Louise always goes to bed at half past eight," Mrs. Eccles said, and put down her teacup.

"Well, perhaps eight-thirty is a little early," Mrs. Barnes said. She smiled hopefully at the others.

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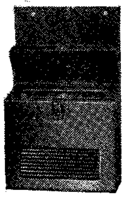

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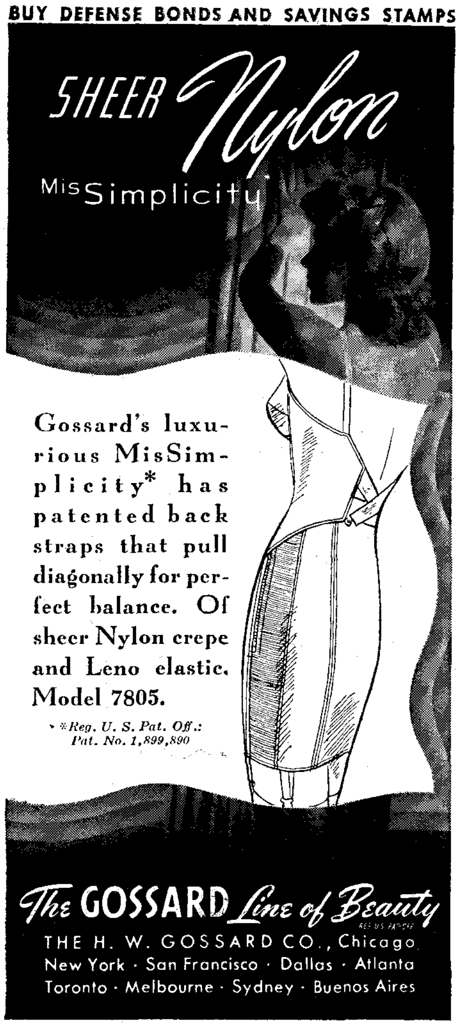

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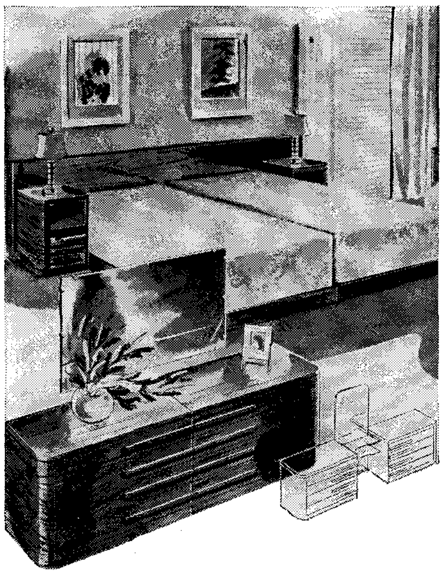

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said Mrs. Eccles, "for a growing girl who will someday have to fulfill the duties of womanhood."

Again there was a silence, and it seemed filled with antagonism.

"Oh, of course bedtime isn't so important," Mrs. Barnes said. "But now, the radio. What do you all feel about the radio?"

Mrs. Russell spoke. "I love it," she said.

"But I mean the children," Mrs. Barnes said. "Do you feel they listen too much?"

"Louise listens every evening to WQXR," Mrs. Eccles said.

"Yes," said Mrs. King, "and we all listen to Fred Allen. My husband loves him."

"You don't think that perhaps the children find it distracting when they have work to do and that it also makes the home too noisy?" Mrs. Barnes asked.

"I just yell at them to shut the door," Mrs. Rogers said.

"And of course," Mrs. Eccles added, "if Louise ever fell below B in her marks, she wouldn't listen."

Sue was always below B. Mrs. Barnes made another desperate effort. "Do you feel the children telephone too much to each other in the late afternoon? It seems to me I cannot lift the receiver without hearing an endless conversation in pig Latin." She laughed merrily but alone.

"Yes, Sue is a great telephoner," said Mrs. King.

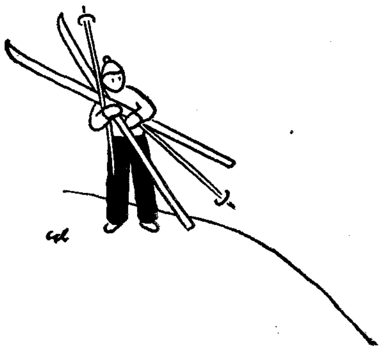
"Oh, I don't think Sue is the only offender," Mrs. Barnes said. "It seems to me Ruth Anne, Louise, Kathie, all the little girls ring up with equal enthusiasm."

The women exchanged glances. Mrs. Barnes saw them.

"Anyhow," said Mrs. Rogers, "local calls aren't charged extra."

"Perhaps one of you would like to bring up some question," Mrs. Barnes said. "I seem to be doing all the talking."

After what seemed like a long time, Mrs. Eccles spoke. "I do not like the



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atmosphere or suggestion of cocktails for that age."

"Yes," Mrs. King said. "I think it's unfortunate, too, though we all are devoted to Sue."

"What do you mean?" Mrs. Barnes asked, her face now extremely pale.

"Sue has been instructing the other children in how to make Martinis."

"And Daiquiris," said Mrs. Perkins.

"Oh, that!" Mrs. Barnes tried to relax. "That's nothing. It's just a joke. She sometimes helps her father mix them."

"It creates a curious atmosphere for adolescents," Mrs. Eccles said. "I don't like it."

"When we have guests, Sue helps out a little," Mrs. Barnes said. "It's just a part of family life."

"Cocktails are not part of home life," Mrs. Eccles said.

Why, damn her eyes, thought Mrs. Barnes.

Mrs. Eccles rose to go. "Perhaps Mr. Eccles and I are a little idealistic, but we try to make our home represent the best, as far as we can. I was brought up very strictly and I cannot forget the early training." She left, and Mrs. King followed.

Mrs. Perkins ate one more sandwich. "I think it's been a charming occasion," she said, "and very useful to exchange our ideas. Goodbye, Mrs. Barnes."

She offered two of the remaining mothers a lift, and they accepted, leaving only Mrs. Rogers. Mrs. Rogers leaned back and lit a cigarette.

Sue appeared in the door carrying her skates. Her cheeks were pink and she looked to Mrs. Barnes more endearing than usual.

"Sue, dear," she cried, "make Mrs. Rogers and me two big cocktails."

"M-Martinis?" Sue asked.

"Old-Fashioneds," said Mrs. Rogers, and to Sue's surprise her mother and Mrs. Rogers went off into uncontrollable laughter.

—GRETCHEN DAMROSCH FINLETTER

• •

TWISTS OF FATE

A Sympathetic Roster of a Few Persons Who Have Been Victimized Recently by a More Than Usually Capricious Fortune

LOCALE	THE VICTIM	THE FATE	THE TWIST
Pierre, South Dakota	W. T. Girton	He was arrested on a charge of hunting deer without a license.	He thereby lost his job as director of the State Game and Fish Department.
Portland, Oregon	George Henderson	In the course of a skiing trip, he suffered a broken leg.	He was an instructor in skiing.
Pittsburgh	Nathan Jacobson	He spent a night as a guest of the Association for the Improvement of the Poor.	While sleeping, he was robbed of $800.
Chicago	Alma Sioux Scarberry	She obtained a divorce from her husband.	She was best known to the public as the author of a book called "Too Wise to Marry."
Pittsburgh	Firemen	The number of fire alarms in the city increased sixty per cent.	The increase occurred during Fire Prevention Week.
Keene, New Hampshire	The Reverend Robbins E. Ralph, pastor of the Court Street Congregational Church	He was eliminated from a spelling bee.	The word that stumped him was "Genesis."
Green Bay, Wisconsin	Fred Robb	He lost his keys and had to call the Fire Department to help him get into his home.	He was one of Green Bay's best amateur magicians.
Peekskill	Officials of the Public Health Association	They postponed an important meeting of their organization.	The action was necessary because most of the members were too ill to attend.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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OF ALL THINGS

PETAIN's trial of former leaders of the French Republic is not going according to plan. Too many people seem to think that the judge should be found guilty.

•

It is bad news that, despite heavy losses, the enemy has been able to make landings on Java. We can only hope that the supply of Japs will run out before the supply of Java.

•

Hitler's armies are still in serious trouble in Russia. He made a bad blunder when he decided to play the borsch circuit in the winter season.

•

"We are all under fire," says the President, "soldiers and civilians alike." It is the congressional farm bloc which is shooting at the civilians.

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The House repealed the pension proposal by a vote of 389 to 7. Some congressmen could not vote at all because of lumps in their throats.

•

According to a Gallup Poll, the rubber shortage has already reduced car driving twenty-five per cent. Motorists are beginning to have melancholy thoughts about the last mile.

•

The Fascist-minded Lawrence Dennis applies for a captain's commission in the Army and promises to keep his mouth shut for the duration. This sounds very much like attempted bribery.

•

The WPB curb on chlorine means less bleaching material for the laundry. Tablecloths will come in battleship gray and we will no longer have a white-collar class.

•

It seems ages since we have had any news from Italy. Whatever became of Mussolini?

•

With the closing of the Gaiety Theatre, burlesque disappears from Manhattan. Thus another of the morale-building trades goes the way of all flesh.

•

Kimmel and Short are to be tried by courts-martial for being asleep at the switch. Judging from the Roberts report, they were not even asleep at the same switch. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE RACE TRACK

Good Riding

THE Flamingo Stakes, although demonstrating that almost all the three-year-olds in Miami are a moderate lot, or maybe not quite that good, rather unexpectedly produced a brilliant bit of riding. This was the performance of Arcaro on Requested, who won the race last weekend. Because there were more runners than stalls in the starting gate, two of the animals had to stand outside it. These, drawn by lot, were Requested and Bright Willie, the favorite, who was ridden by Robertson. Usually the rider of a horse outside the gate has a decided advantage, for if he is up to snuff he can have his mount already in motion as the stall doors open. For several minutes Arcaro and Robertson jockeyed for the break, and one gaffer remarked that it took him back to the good old days before mechanical contraptions, when races were started at the tap of a drum. However that may be, the start was atrocious, and Requested and Bright Willie were last away. For more than a quarter of a mile, Requested seemed hopelessly out of it; then he began to gain ground and eventually won by four lengths. It took good riding to make him do that. As you know, Red Thorn, a $2,500 colt, was second, and Alsab was third. Though I am disappointed in Alsab, I can't help being pleased with the result of the race, for Requested was a pet of mine last year.

MARKET WISE, of course, will be favorite for the Widener this weekend. Following up his success in the McLennan, he romped away with the Little Widener, as people called the Eastern Air Lines Purse because all the important eligibles for the $50,000 handicap came out for it. In previous years, one of Eastern's larger planes would fly around the course while the race was being run. There was no plane this year (probably the line has better use for its equipment these days) but despite the omission the race was a good show. Attention, who hadn't raced since he beat Whirlaway last July, made most of the pace and finished second (he'll go well next time out), and War Relic, who was third, ran as I thought he would—and didn't—in the McLennan. Mioland, who carried a St. Christopher medal, as all Charlie Howard's racers do, stumbled slightly at the start; otherwise he'd have been closer. Pictor was one disappointment, though, and another was—well, watching the parade of flamingos later in the afternoon, a morose spectator picked out a bird far behind the leaders and named him Challedon.

Getting back to Market Wise, his performance in the McLennan was remarkable inasmuch as he wore two of those orthopedic shoes which farriers call bar plates—one on his injured foot and the other to keep him balanced while running. A bar shoe has a strip of steel across it which protects the bottom of the hoof. This is fine when the track is hard, but it's likely to be something else again in heavy going, for mud is liable to get under the strip, making the animal run as though his corns hurt him. The footing for the McLennan was damp and slow, but it didn't bother Market Wise. He just plowed through it. Every once in a while somebody comes forward with a new name for this colt who cost $1,000 and has won $111,000 in the last twelve months. The latest is Cinderella Horse, which makes Colonel Martingale quite ill.

THE other morning a trainer at Hialeah took movies of a horse galloping, and it wasn't just for his memory book, either. This may mean a revival of a fad that flourished some years ago. As you may recall, at about the time that football coaches began taking action pictures of their teams in games and running them off at Monday post-mortems, horsemen fancied they could apply the same technique to training their animals. Some stables even acquired elaborate cameras and projectors, but then, for one reason or another, interest in the idea died out.

A NOTE FOR THE HOME FILES: The leading jockey at Hialeah is a young Brooklyn boy, Warren Mehrtens, who has ridden thirty-two winners.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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[*Theatrical adv. in the Wellington* (*New Zealand*) *Evening Post*]

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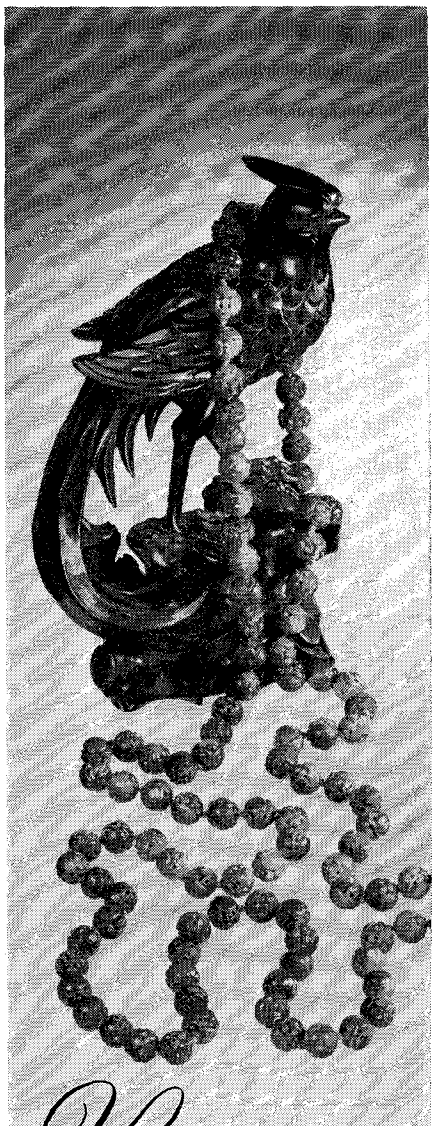

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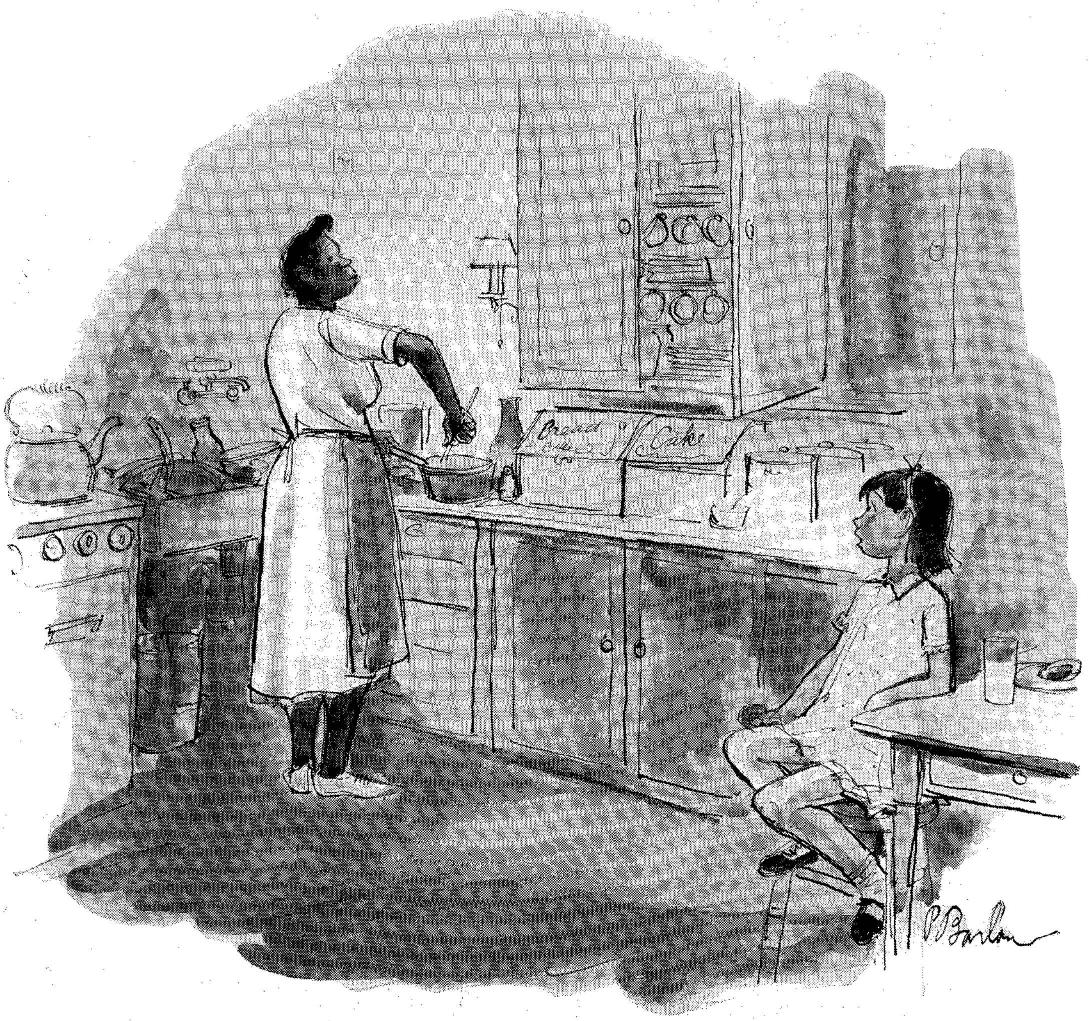
A REPORTER AT LARGE

OKAPIS, HERONS, BUSH BABIES, AND BLITZES

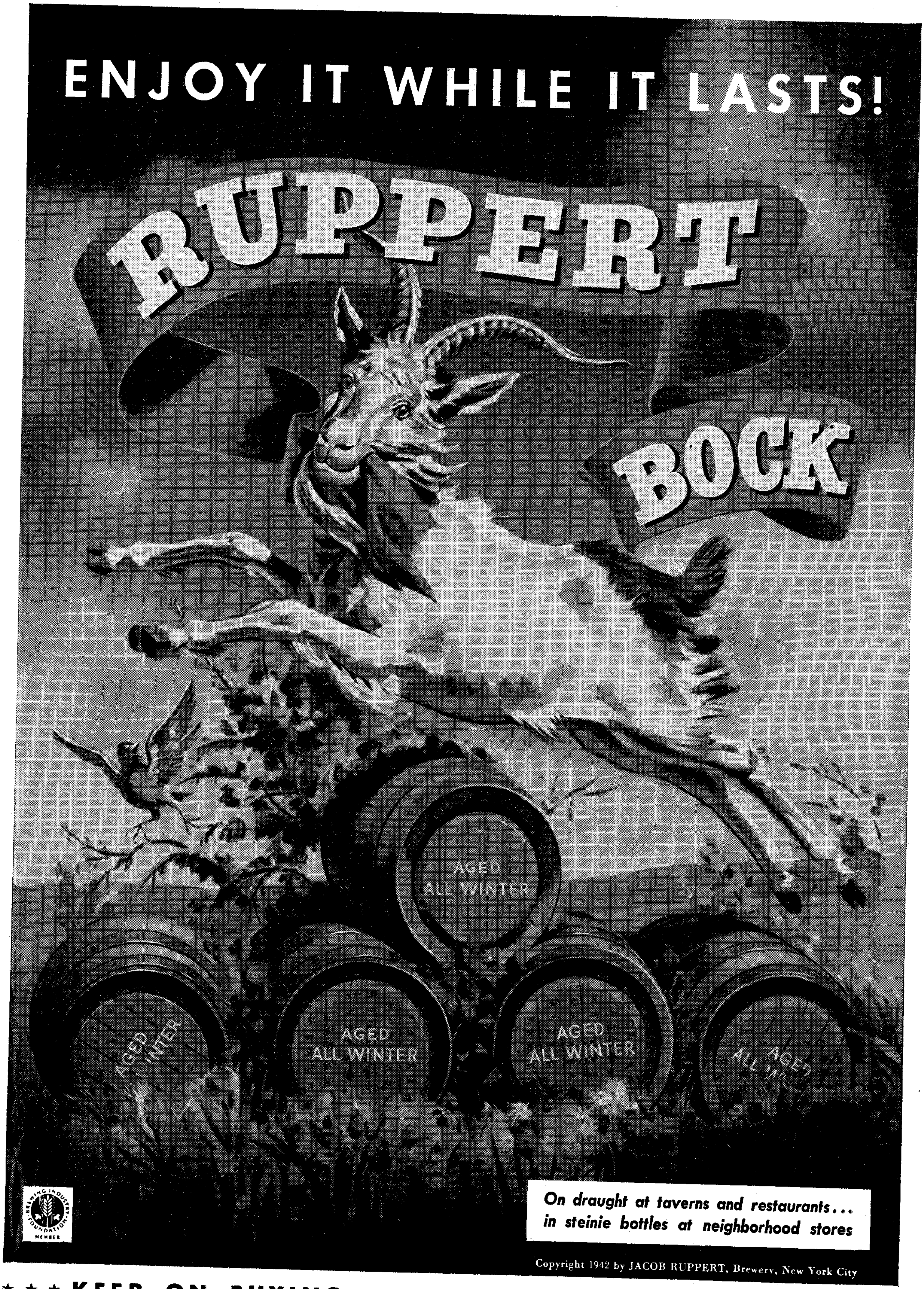
ALTHOUGH not so many people as once did are visiting the London Zoological Gardens these days, Englishmen are now inclined to think more about the place than they did back before the war, when, except for those responsible for its maintenance, it was a matter of concern to almost nobody over the age of sixteen. Ever since London had its first blitz there has been intermittent anxiety over the possibility of wild animals' breaking loose during an air raid and bounding about town, as deadly as any bomb. There has also been talk of moving much of the Zoo's population to the country for the duration, and an occasional grumbling question has been heard as to the propriety of trying to keep any sort of zoo going in wartime, what with the scarcity of food and all. It occurred to me a while ago that it might not be a bad idea to drop around to the Zoo and see for myself how it was making out under war conditions. When I called up and asked for Dr. Julian Huxley, the secretary of the London Zoological Society, which runs the Zoo, I was connected with Mrs. Huxley, who informed me that her husband was out of town. When I told her what I wanted, she said that she was pretty close to the Zoo herself and would be glad to do what she could to help me. She thought that a Mr. Doubleday, one of the Zoo's officials, might be better able than she to straighten me out on details and suggested that I stop by and see him first and then come to lunch, to which I gratefully agreed.

My hostess was not exaggerating her proximity to the animals. The Huxleys live in a flat on the top of the main office of the Zoo, a suitable spot for the abode of an eminent zoologist and his wife. The morning of my visit was a fine example of a bleak English winter day, and the sound of the lions roaring out of the mists that rolled up off the Regent's Park Canal had an eerie and slightly depressing effect. Mr. Doubleday was on hand to meet me and took me into his office for a chat. I started off by asking what proportion of the exhibits had been evacuated to Whipsnade, the Zoological Society's beautiful country estate, where animals can roam and breed in conditions that are close to natural ones. At this, Mr. Doubleday looked as indignant as though I had suggested that the Royal Family had fled to Canada. "Practically none," he said. "The idea has got around that a lot of the animals are not here, and it's done us a lot of damage. Ming and the elephants were the only ones we sent to Whipsnade. Ming is the giant panda, and with such an immensely valuable animal we felt we couldn't afford to take any risks. The elephants went partly because their house was being rebuilt—that will have to wait until after the war now, naturally—and partly because we didn't fancy the idea of a possible stampede during an air raid. As things turned out, we probably needn't have worried. The way the animals have stood up to the blitzes has been marvellous. As you know, we've had it pretty hot up here. They dropped several high-explosive bombs in various parts of the Gardens, and any amount of incendiaries. Our restaurant roof was burnt up one night, and if it hadn't been for our A.R.P. squad, we would probably have had a lot more serious damage."

Mr. Doubleday broke off to show me some playful photographs of the Zoo fire-fighters starting out for the job in a cart drawn by a llama and squirting a hose from the back of a dromedary. He said that during one raid a heavy bomb had fallen slap behind the camel house, shifting the whole structure four inches off its foundations and wrenching open a nearby cage inhabited by two indignant ravens. When a rescue party arrived, expecting to find a number of dead or at any rate badly rattled camels, they discovered that, as far as could be judged, the beasts hadn't even bothered to get up. "They were just lying there, chew-



"Which side of the family does your money come from, Lily?"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ing away at the cud," Mr. Doubleday said, chuckling admiringly at this recollection of the philosophical ruminants.

The zebra house had been completely written off by a direct hit, Mr. Doubleday went on, but by some miracle not a single zebra out of the sixteen inhabitants received more than slight grazes. A posse of them escaped, however, and galloped smartly to Camden Town, about a mile away. The residents of Camden Town, coming up blearily from their shelters after a night of horrors, were understandably shaken by the spectacle of striped horses charging down the street, pursued by the police and Dr. Huxley. The zebras were all rounded up in time and taken back to the Zoo. Another direct hit had been scored one night on Monkey Hill, a fenced-in, man-made rock hummock, over which the Zoo's monkeys were accustomed to clamber by day, with a cave into which they retired at dark. The bomb smashed the fence, hurled large pieces of rock into the air, and blasted its way down near the cave, apparently causing no disturbance at all among the monkeys, who were cozily asleep for the night. "You couldn't have had a better air-raid shelter," remarked Mr. Doubleday. "Of course, the whole lot got out into the Gardens after a day or two. It took them that long to realize that the fence wasn't there any more. Maybe they were a bit concussed by the blast of the bomb. Anyway, finally one of the bolder spirits hopped out of bounds and then in less than no time people were telephoning from all around, saying that they'd got a monkey sitting on the wall in their garden and would a keeper come right over to fetch it. It was a game getting them back, I can tell you."

Alarmed residents of the Regent's Park district, perturbed during the raids by the idea that other inhabitants of the Zoo, more lethal than monkeys, might turn up on their doorsteps some morning after a blitz, were soothingly assured that the lion house had been enclosed by three rows of bars. If a bomb should tear out one row, they were told, there would be a double row left, and if another row went, the lions would still be penned in; it was something like one of those wooden dolls-within-a-doll that you go on taking apart, doll by doll, each time discovering a smaller one inside. This information didn't make much impression on the local householders, who seemed to feel that even if the lions were pretty well in hand, a stray mandrill or hyena would be just as disconcerting to encounter on

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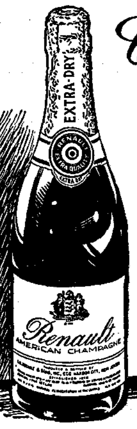
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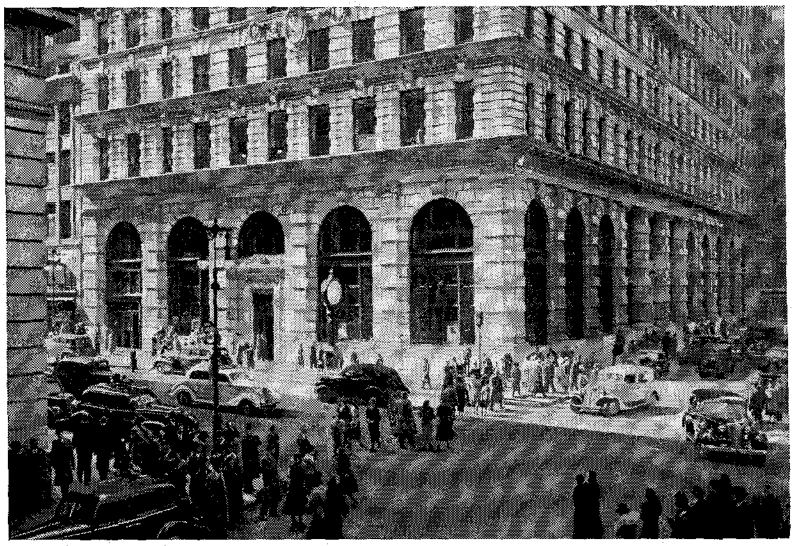
the doormat along with the milk bottles. Mr. Doubleday had no use for such timid fancies. "All this talk about animals' getting out and attacking people is a myth," he said to me. "In the first place, ten to one they'll just roam quietly about and come back to their cages at feeding time. In the second place, a lion won't attack anyone unless he's cornered, and no one's likely to want to do that in a hurry. As a matter of fact, some of the nights during the blitzes up here there was so much going on that I don't suppose you'd have noticed a little thing like a lion."

Mr. Doubleday went on to say that the calm manner in which the Zoo had weathered air raids helped confirm a pet theory of his that fear is something contagious which animals catch from man. Left to themselves, free of the apprehensions which torture human Londoners, the Zoo's inhabitants, he said, have apparently regarded the roar of guns and the scream of bombs as something noisy but natural, like a particularly bad thunderstorm. "I thought I'd like to test it out myself one morning," said Mr. Doubleday, "so I went along and stood by a lion's cage while they were detonating a delayed-action bomb in the Park. The lion was lying out in the open part of his cage with a bone between his paws, and when the bomb went off chunks of clay came whizzing through the bars and fell all around him. The explosion nearly sent me flat on my face, but the lion just lifted his head and looked toward the Park once, like this"—here Mr. Doubleday presented a remarkable pantomime of an arrogant lion in a mood of mild rebuke—"and then went right on with his bone." Most of the animals were like that, according to Mr. Doubleday, but he had seen parrots become rigid with fear when they glanced up from their perches and spotted a barrage balloon. "They think it's some sort



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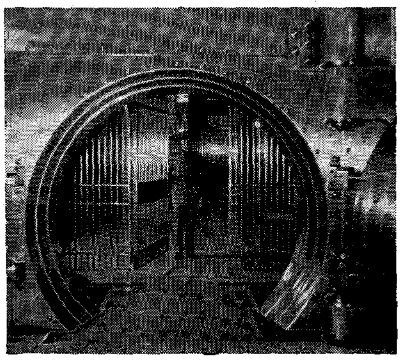

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of enormous bird of prey, probably," he said.

To date, I was told, the only casualties at the Zoo as the result of enemy action had been one Barbary sheep, who was happily cavorting about when a bit of shrapnel from an anti-aircraft barrage caught up with it, and one visitor, whose foot was damaged in the course of an encounter with an incendiary bomb dropped in an afternoon raid. Attendance at the Zoo naturally isn't what it was before so many of the children, who have always been its best customers, left London, but there is a fairly steady stream of visitors now that things are quieter and incendiary bombs are no longer part of the hazards of an afternoon among the animals. "What we want to get out of people's heads," Mr. Doubleday reiterated briskly, "is the idea that there's nothing left in the Zoo any more. Everything's here, more or less. Of course, we've had to make changes. For one thing, the Aquarium had to go. Lighting and heating it was always a costly proposition, and apart from the difficulty of getting the right food for the fishes there was the danger of the storage tanks' getting bombed and flooding the air-raid-shelter tunnels with thousands of gallons of water." The tropical fish, he told me, were removed to other quarters, and the less exotic specimens were eaten in the Zoo restaurant. "A while back there was turtle soup on the menu for weeks," Mr. Doubleday said. "When I found out why, I felt like a cannibal."

IT was nearly time for my luncheon engagement, so I said goodbye to Mr. Doubleday and went up to the Huxleys' flat. Mrs. Huxley greeted me and led me into her parlor. It was a light, attractive room, overlooking the Gardens, and contained, among other things, a gramophone with the largest horn I have ever seen, a collection of eagles' feathers displayed decoratively against the walls, a lady whom Mrs. Huxley introduced to me as Miss Sidebottom, and a small, furry animal with bulging, liquid eyes something like Eddie Cantor's, which was sitting comfortably on a neatly folded yellow dustcloth inside a little hutch. This creature, Mrs. Huxley explained proudly, was a member of the lemur family, known as a bush baby, which she had raised from infancy. "When I got him," she said, "they told me that he probably wouldn't live more than a few months. Well, he's four years old now." She put her hand inside the hutch and the bush baby, which had been regarding us morosely,

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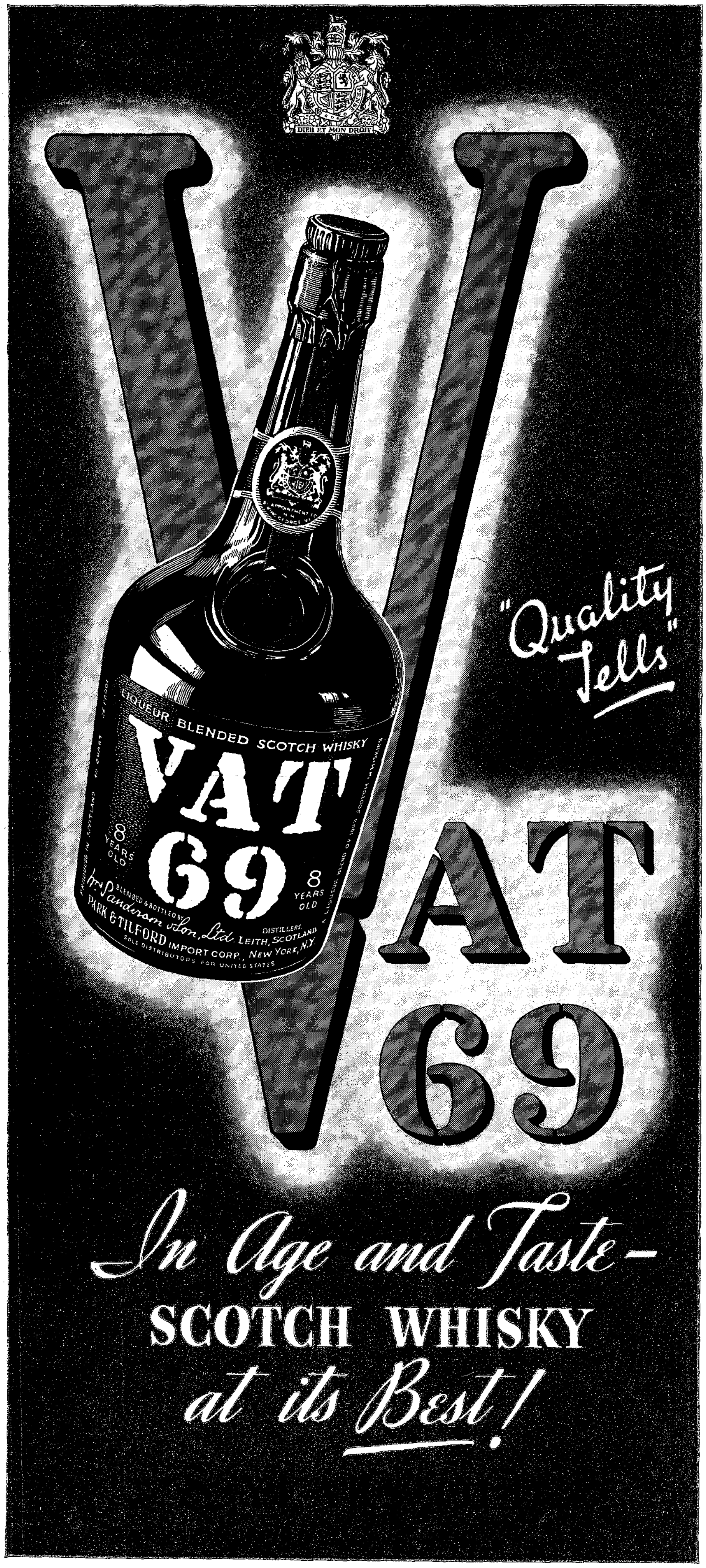
immediately nipped her thumb. "It's just his natural reaction, poor darling," said Mrs. Huxley forgivingly, taking her hand out of the hutch.

Miss Sidebottom had also been asked to lunch. I gathered that she was a writer of feature stories about the Zoo and that the war had had a bad effect on the market for her work, because of the restrictions the newspapers had been forced to put on space. "The Zoo is really Miss Sidebottom's pigeon," Mrs. Huxley explained as we sat down to lunch. As we ate, Mrs. Huxley and Miss Sidebottom talked about the Zoo's animals in the cozy manner of a couple of matrons exchanging neighborhood gossip over the teacups. "What happened to that little red deer?" Miss Sidebottom asked. "He's a father now," Mrs. Huxley replied, "and a six-pointer. Isn't it perfectly splendid? When we go down to Whipsnade he always comes up and has a little chat with us." She told me that Whipsnade had been bombed early in the war, causing a valuable baby giraffe, which apparently hadn't heard of Mr. Doubleday's fear theory, to run around his paddock without stopping for several hours, with the tragic result that he later died of an enlarged heart. At this, Miss Sidebottom put down her fork and said, "I remember the baby dying perfectly, but that was long before there were any bombs at Whipsnade." "But I feel sure it was after the bombs," said Mrs. Huxley. "It wasn't," said Miss Sidebottom uncompromisingly. "And, anyway, that was the baby who had meningitis. Don't you remember? He was born a month early and his mother couldn't suckle him properly." "Are we perhaps thinking of different babies?" asked Mrs. Huxley. "Has she been pregnant three times?" "She has been pregnant twice," said Miss Sidebottom firmly, and the giraffe question seemed to rest. Mrs. Huxley changed the subject by asking if we'd heard about the herons. Neither of us had. "Well," she said, "they had a baby not long ago, such a nice little thing. Unfortunately, the father and mother heron didn't realize that their new diet of minced horseflesh was rather different from their usual one of fish, which we can't give them now. So they went on stuffing and stuffing baby until they quite literally stuffed him to death." "Poor souls. What a shock for them!" said Miss Sidebottom.

THE tragedy of the herons prompted me to ask about the Zoo's problem of providing food in wartime. This, I soon found, was a delicate subject, because of the attitude of some critics who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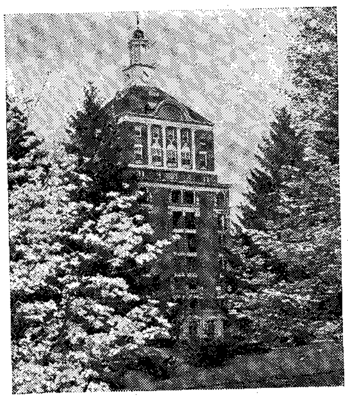
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are inclined to paint a nasty picture of pampered animals being fed on condensed milk, raisins, and all the other luxuries which human beings in London rarely see in these times. "Actually, all that sort of talk is nonsense," Mrs. Huxley said. "A lot of the food that is bought for the animals is salvage stuff which humans couldn't eat. We took over a whole lot of currants which had been sunk in a boat in the Thames Estuary, for instance. The Zoo has had to cut down on diets and think up substitutes, just like everyone else. When people say that all the Zoo's animals ought to be done away with, I always reply that in that case the logical thing would be to destroy every domestic animal, too. You can imagine what a revolution *that* would mean among dog and cat and horse owners in England." She said that a lot of stuff for the animals is grown down at Whipsnade and a limited amount of things like potatoes and cabbages is raised in what were once ornamental flower beds at the Gardens.

Mrs. Huxley said that among the staples which the Zoo authorities miss most are meal worms, which formerly were sent over in enormous quantities from Germany; apparently no one in England has ever had the time or patience necessary to raise meal worms on a commercial scale. Fruitarian birds and animals have been the worst headaches to their keepers, principally the birds of paradise, which before the war were accustomed to live largely on grapes and haven't taken kindly to less ethereal diets. However, most of the animals have behaved a good deal like most Britons in the face of rationing: they've eyed the new grub with suspicion, grumbled for a few days, and ended by making the best of it. A case in point is Bill, a two-toed sloth, who used to be fed on green bananas. Since in London nowadays a banana, green or otherwise, would look like a golden apple of the Hesperides to either a two-toed sloth or a ten-toed Englishman, Bill is getting along on raw potatoes and doing fine. "The truth is," Mrs. Huxley said, "that we probably did most of the animals too well before the war. They're getting back now to the lower standards they would have in their native jungle state."

Some of the animals, she thought, had even benefited psychologically from the war, and illustrated this by telling us about an okapi named Johnnie, a rare, giraffelike creature from the Belgian Congo. Johnnie, who was presented to the Zoo by King Leopold, used to be the shiest animal in the whole Gar-

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dens, timid with his keeper and terrified of his public. Everyone expected the first bomb would send him out of his senses, but it developed that a bad blitz is just what an okapi needs to make him a responsible member of society. After a couple of air raids Johnnie began to perk up and to behave altogether like one of those frail little women who you think will drop dead in a crisis but who turn out to have the nervous system of a stevedore. "I saw him outside his house the other day," Miss Sidebottom said. "Oh, yes," Mrs. Huxley replied. "He comes out quite often now. He and lots of the other animals are like the neurotic people we all know who did nothing but worry about themselves and their ailments in peacetime but have been taken right out of it by the war."

AFTER lunch the three of us went downstairs and had a look around the Zoo. Not many visitors had been tempted to the place that chilly afternoon. An occasional family party of a soldier on leave, his wife, and kids trailed across the deserted walks and disappeared in the mists. The two bereaved herons were standing on one leg apiece by their pond, looking cold and maybe brooding over the inexplicable affair of their burst baby. We went to inspect what was left of the camel house, which I remembered as a curious structure built along vaguely Swiss lines. It was still strung pathetically with gay lights reminiscent of happier days. "After the war," said Mrs. Huxley, "it's going to be rebuilt brick for brick as it was. It's one of the most precious Victorian gems of the Gardens."

Moving on to the monkey house, we were received with pleasure by Jacqueline, a baby chimpanzee, who immediately went through all her tricks, the way a child, bored at being alone, does when some grownups at last enter its nursery. Jacqueline screamed as we left her. "All the animals miss their public dreadfully," Mrs. Huxley said. "It was so different before the war, with the children coming and bringing little snacks and tidbits." Miss Sidebottom refused to go up to the far end of the monkey house. "I've got a friend in one of the cages there," she said, "and he'll be so hurt if he finds I've brought him nothing. I wouldn't like to offend him."

In the lemurs' house I noticed small cards tacked up outside some of the cages saying that the occupants had been adopted by such and such a person. Quite often, it seems, someone falls in love with a particularly attractive animal and offers to pay for its keep. Sev-

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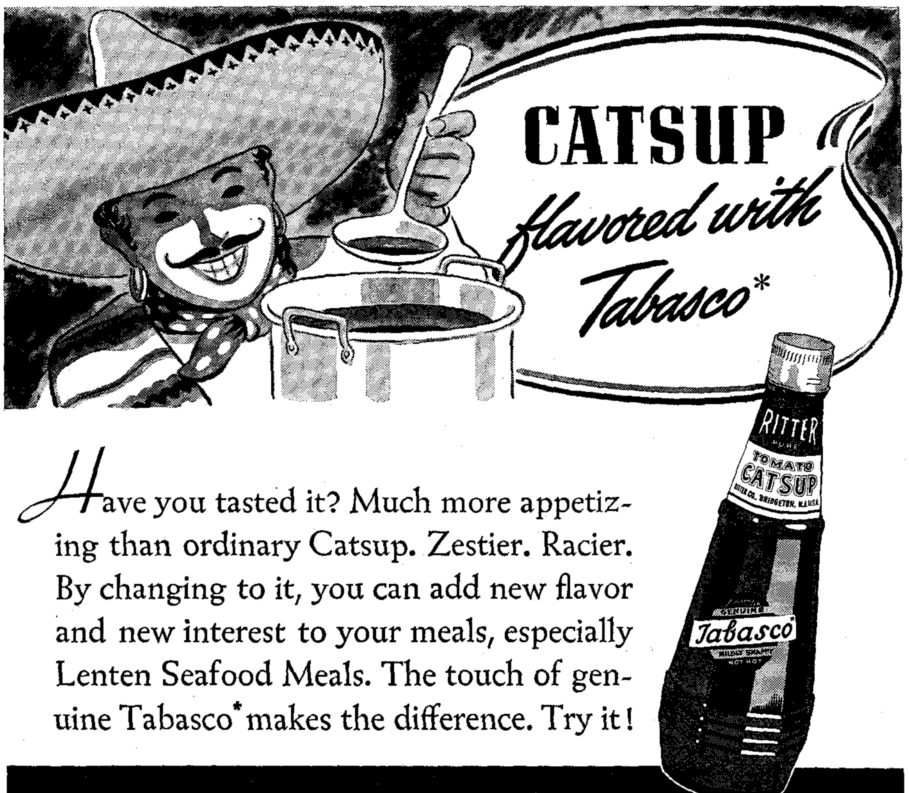

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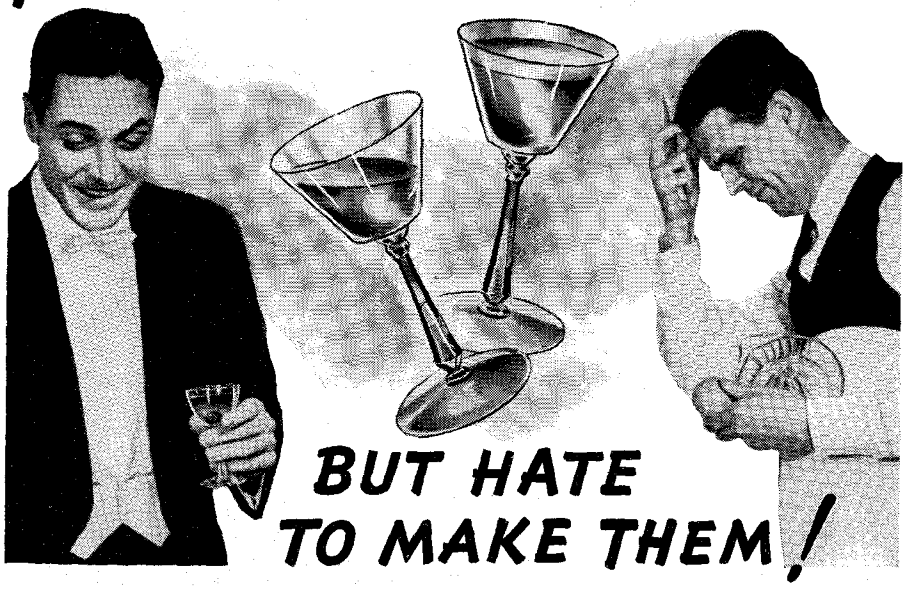

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eral Army organizations have adopted animals as mascots; a tank regiment of the Royal Armoured Corps, for instance, appropriately befriended a heavily armored giant tortoise. As we walked among the lemurs we came upon a lady keeper, and Mrs. Huxley told me that this is not an uncommon sight in the Zoo these days. All of the remaining male keepers are either over age or too young to be called up yet, she said.

We came next to the reptile house, but we didn't go in. As I knew and as Miss Sidebottom sadly reminded me, there weren't many snakes there any more. In the matter of serpents, the Zoo long ago had to give in to the frenzied objections of the people around Regent's Park—plainly a jumpy lot—who, when they weren't thinking about mandrills at the front door, apparently were brooding about the possibility of finding a cobra curled up in their beds. Directly the raids started, every dangerous snake in the Zoo was killed. I asked how this mass execution was carried out. "Their keeper beheaded them," said Miss Sidebottom bitterly. "Poor fellow! I saw him coming out of their house afterward. He was perfectly green. The black-widow spiders had to be killed too. Such a shame! Really, people are extraordinary, aren't they?" "Extraordinary," agreed Mrs. Huxley.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

Everett M. Clark has joined the staff of the Brooklyn Trust Co. in the customer relations department. He has been a professional singer for more than twenty years.—*The Herald Tribune.*

It sometimes takes a man longer than that to find himself.

•

Lee Mortimer's review of the Warner Bros. picture "King's Row," starring Ann Sheridan and Robert Cummings, which opened with a special performance at the Astor Theatre last night, will be reviewed in later editions of the Mirror.
—*The Mirror.*

Without fear or favor, we trust.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

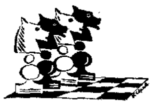
[*From "The Flowering of New England," by Van Wyck Brooks*]

He was prepared for a glorious life; he had laid out an avenue through his head, eight rods wide; he had got the world,—much more, the flesh and the devil,—as it were by the nape of the neck, and held it under the tide of its own events, and let it go down stream like a dead dog, till he heard the hollow chambers of silence stretching away on every side and his own soul expanded and filled them.

HOW TO LOSE YOUR SELF-CONFIDENCE

LIKE so many men of my generation, I was brought up with the theory that the system of trial by jury was a democratic institution, a tribute to human dignity and equality, and a pretty good thing all round. "Trial by one's peers!" my Andorran governess used to sigh. "If only we'd had that, I'd never have left Andorra, begorra! It's a pretty good thing all round." At school in Connecticut the same point of view was dinned into me. "Cheer up, my boy," Mr. Taft would say on the rare occasions when I sat at the headmaster's table. "Someday you'll be well out of this morass of algebra, geometry, and corrective posture and sitting on a jury with your peers, or better. It's a crackajack democratic institution." At college it was the same story. "The sacred responsibilities of the juror," Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker would murmur over tea and cookies at the Elizabethan Club. "It's a cliché, but there it is. If only I weren't so ridden with prejudices, I'd get to serve on a jury myself from time to time."

Thus indoctrinated, I felt a glow of solemn anticipation a few weeks ago when I received a summons to serve as a juror in the Supreme Court. "I'm off to the jury," I said to my wife, who at once set about packing up a partially consumed Hershey bar for me to take with me. "It will mean getting up a little earlier and a considerable financial loss," I said, "but it's a capital opportunity to do God's work—to acquit the innocent, convict the guilty, and study human nature at first hand." Several friends came to the subway to see me off on my first day of service, and it was with a lively sense of human dignity and equality that I turned up at the County Court House on Foley Square.



As luck would have it, I was accepted for a jury that very morning, following a searching questioning by the two contending lawyers which established me as a man owning no insurance stocks and capable of viewing family squabbles with equanimity. The judge came in, the jurors were sworn in, and I listened intently as a sordid little tale unfolded itself of a thirteen-year-old girl suing her aunt for damages sustained by the plaintiff in a three-year-back accident involving the defendant's car. Attorney vied with attorney in seeking to gain my, and my fellow-jurors', sympathy. Pre-accident photographs of the little girl were flashed at the jurors; the little girl herself allowed her doctor to pull back her post-accident lips to expose her more esoteric ravages; the aunt's solicitude was outlined by various witnesses and her driving habits vignetted. I entered intimately into the lives of the litigating families and their neighbors. Lunching alone in nearby Chinatown, soberly conscious of my responsibilities as a fact-judging citizen, I sipped my tea as though it were nectar. By the end of the afternoon, swollen with the evidence of wreckers, motorcycle cops, surgeons, and friends of the families, I felt just, omniscient, and as capable of weighing evidence as Felix Frankfurter. The next morning, fresh from the subway, I sat vacantly in court two hours until the judge appeared from an antechamber and briefly informed the jurors that the case had been settled out of court and that we were dismissed. "Thank you for your services," said the judge, with what it seemed to me could only be irony. No word as to the terms of the settlement or the reasons leading to them was vouchsafed us.

I FELT miffed but game, and my next impanelment, after a day or so of unemployed waiting in a large room adorned with historical murals, followed by a legal cross-examination which established me as a signer of no unpaid promissory notes and a comparative stranger to the Fulton Fish Market, found me eagerly listening to a case in which a young man, through his lawyers, sought to show that his signature on an unpaid promissory note had been obtained by fraud. For the better part of two days I entered into the lives of a brand-new set of characters, most of them connected with the Fulton Fish Market. Counsel vied with counsel in seeking to invoke my sympathies; witnesses directed their remarks deferentially to the jury box; conscientiously I sifted the gold from the dross; and again, human fate in my hands, I felt the equal at least of Felix Frankfurter. Scarcely had I reached this conclusion when the judge, intimating clearly that the issues had been too complicated for the jury to follow, directed the verdict himself, ignoring me and my fellow-jurors completely. "Thank you for your services," he said blandly, and we were herded back to the waiting room.

THE third and last case on which I was found acceptable as a juror, since I was a man who had never fig-

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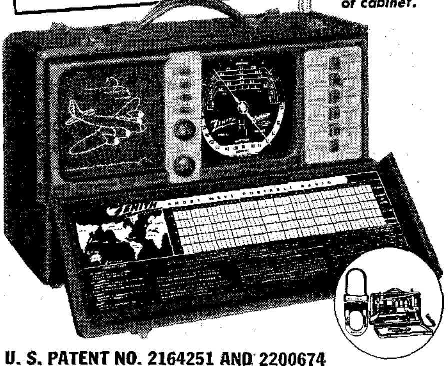

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ured in accident litigation, owned no office buildings, and was unacquainted with any Phippses, involved a lady who was suing the Phipps estate for damages resulting from injuries sustained when she fell over a sand receptacle in an office building owned by the defendant. After a couple of days, in which we jurors were showered with photographs, floor plans, hospital bills, and appeals to our reason; treated to the vexing spectacle of the plaintiff, a lady no longer young, displaying the precise condition of her left shoulder muscles; and admonished by both lawyers to deliver a fair and square verdict, the judge, on the plea of the Phipps attorney, threw the case out of court all by himself, on the ground that there was insufficient evidence of the building people's negligence.

The fact that the judge's opinion coincided with mine and, as I gathered from their acrimonious comments in the elevator afterward, with that of none of the other jurors has done nothing to help me regain my self-confidence. My frustrated curiosity (a holdover from the first case) and my plummetlike descent from a feeling of being powerful and useful to one of being something akin to a crasher at a Knickerbocker Assembly have left me shaky, subject to doubts, and incapable of looking my uptown friends in the eye. Three dollars a day is small pay for being broken like a Cecropia moth on a setting board, and I suggest that jurors thus abruptly denied their function ("to give a true answer, or verdict, on some matter submitted to them, and to render a verdict according to the evidence"—Webster) be additionally furnished with the price of six months' consultation with a competent analyst, a new hat, and a double brandy.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

The scheduled concert at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts this afternoon that was to have featured Viola da Gamba and her harpsichord, with Eva Heinitz and Margaret Mason, has been cancelled and will be held instead April 12, officials at the Museum announced last night.—*Boston Post.*

And that da Gamba woman is hot!

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Times*]

Señor Guirola, whose father is the owner of large coffee plantations in Central America, was educated in France and England and attended Columbia University.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Plenty Going On

Gian-Carlo Menotti's latest opera, "The Island God," presented at the Metropolitan, is a tragedy with philosophic implications. The libretto, devised in Italian by Mr. Menotti and translated into English by Fleming Macliesh, is the story of an exile who brings back into being an ancient Greek god, labors to restore the god's temple, and, as a result of his devotion, loses his belief, his wife, and his life. The god, having lost his believer, recedes into space and time. It's an opera of ideas rather than of people, and ideas somehow don't often work out so effectively on the opera stage. Although the action includes a near hammer murder, a hand-to-hand catch-as-catch-can, and an elopement, much of the piece tends to discussion. The discussion is interesting, all right, but it doesn't quite lend itself to music of the theatre. That's unfortunate in the case of Mr. Menotti, who really writes theatre music.

Perhaps you might sum up "The Island God," as my neighbor at the Metropolitan did, by saying that the music is better than the opera. It has many excellent and singable melodies, and the scoring is attractive and supple. An ingeniously constructed romantic duet for soprano and tenor is a honey. Whatever the tenure of "The Island God" in the repertory may be, you'll certainly be hearing this top-notch excerpt.

Mr. Menotti's opera was well sung by Miss Astrid Varnay, Leonard Warren, Norman Cordon, Raoul Jobin, and John Carter, and there was animated conducting by Ettore Panizza. Lothar Wallerstein's stage direction was straightforward, although he might have toned down a moment of too violent action that drew an unscheduled laugh.

Another opera involving an ancient Greek deity was presented by the Juilliard Graduate School's opera department—Gluck's "Iphigenia in Tauris," in which Diana saves the day for everybody. The young singers, ably conducted by Albert Stoessel, sang and acted the classic simply and intelligently, doing well by themselves and by Gluck in a difficult assignment.

Other opera news should include the first appearance of Mme. Kerstin Thorborg as Kundry in a Metropolitan "Parsifal." Some of the music was high for her, but Kundry is a problem of an integrated impersonation, not of high notes, and Mme. Thorborg solved the problem successfully. Some of the customers seemed to be surprised by the presence of a shapely set of Flower Maidens. No one should have been, though, because the Metropolitan for some time has been doing a good job of eliminating the old beef-trust tradition in most of its casting.

Charles Ives, whose music, as has been said, is more written about than played about, was represented at Joseph Szigeti's violin recital by his fourth sonata, subtitled "Children's Day at the Camp Meeting." The sonata, with its reminiscences of hymn tunes, has a genial sturdiness and is set forth in terms of fiddling rather than violinism. Mr. Szigeti, who is noted for the aristocratic art which he brings to his performances, treated Mr. Ives' engaging music to just the kind of fiddling it needs, and his pianistic associate, Andor Foldes, didn't hesitate to sock the keys right smartly when that was in order. The people liked the sonata, and they might have raised even more of a rumpus over it if it hadn't had such an abrupt ending.

Further American music was offered at Miss Gladys Swarthout's Carnegie Hall concert, which included the first local performance of the Ave Maria from Deems Taylor's "Ramuntcho"—one of the most effective of Mr. Taylor's compositions, and beautifully sung. It was reported that Miss Swarthout was handicapped by a cold, but she didn't seem to be having much trouble producing charming sounds. Her voice was delightful, and so was her concert.

Mme. Wanda Landowska, after an absence of too many years, returned to play the harpsichord in a Town Hall recital devoted to Bach's "Goldberg" variations. To observe that Mme. Landowska is a great harpsichordist would be going in for understatement. She is one of the great musicians.

—Robert A. Simon

•

Society of Harvard Dames. *Rhythm in your Bones.* Mr. Russell Curry. Phillips Brooks House, 3 P.M.—*From the calendar of events in the Harvard University Gazette.*

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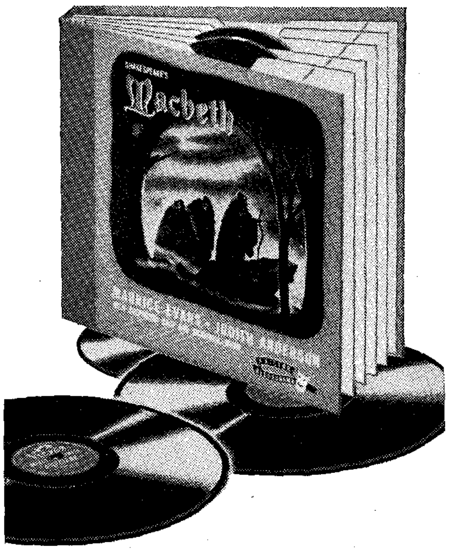

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FEMININE FASHIONS

It has always been my complaint that the fashion industry rushed the seasons unnecessarily. I never got very far in my attempts to reform this situation, and now that the government has put us all on War Time, I guess I might as well abandon the cause completely. For when the sun is still shining late in the afternoon, not even a blizzard can convince anybody that spring is not already here. So-o-o-o a discussion of lightweight furs and suits at their jauntiest becomes the inevitable thing.

Gunther, who has lately had a particular affection for furs in light colors to wear between seasons, has pursued this interest again with passion. He shows jackets of king fox from India (it's a lovely fur, with wide, white, gray, and tortoiseshell stripes) made up in a loose, collarless style, with a slight dip in the back. These are $350; for a bit more, there is a fitted affair of white caracul with big, flat pockets, copied from an English tweed jacket, or so they tell me. There is also white fox, in a cape with a bolero front and a swirled horizontal treatment behind, and white Indian lamb, in a three-quarters double-breasted reefer with high lapels and loose sleeves that you can roll back. As for ermine, a Godey print inspired one of the most charming of the efforts here—a cape, slightly longer than waist length, that ties at the throat by means of a wide ascot edged with black tails.

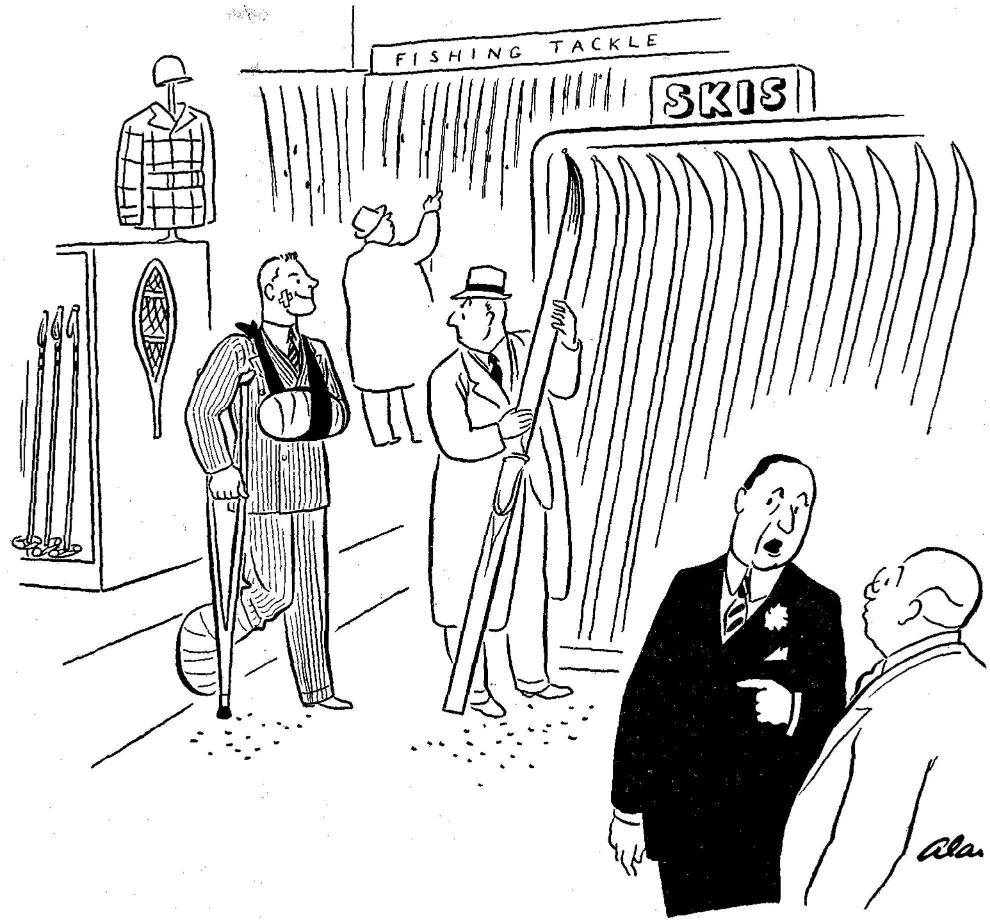
All this hoopla about white and light furs does not mean, however, that the darker favorites have been nudged out of position. You'd think designers would have run short of silver-fox ideas by this time, but a three-skin stole that Gunther is showing looks brand-new to me. It has rounded ends, avoids any flurry of tails, and can be draped in innumerable ways; $450. This shop also likes cape stoles. Among them is one of blended stone marten with ends that may be turned up to form a muff or allowed to dangle and make a peplum in front.

One of my favorite small shops, Chez Rosette, at 10 East 56th Street, is all ready with a beautiful collection of dressmaker suits at prices from $22.95 to $45. Many, naturally, are of navy-blue wool. One has a short fitted jacket, a white crêpe blouse that is basted onto a straight skirt, and sawtooth detail on the edges everywhere; another has a skirt that is all deep box pleats (there are lots of such skirts around here) and a collarless, yellow wool jacket that fastens with three buttons. The inevitable navy-and-white polka-dot print appears in the yoke of a navy-blue crêpe dress and lines the red wool box jacket that accompanies it.

Then there are dressier suits. One is of thin black wool with an Eton jacket and a skirt draped at one side; a yellow-and-black striped crêpe blouse wraps around to tie at the waistline and to add to the custom look of the costume. There are wool-and-faille cocktail combinations, too—dresses with faille skirts and wool tops, and wool jackets with faille revers. To give you an idea of the many dinner suits, there are sprightly ones of black-and-white checked taffeta with a boutonniere of red cherries on their fitted jackets, and others of black or navy crêpe with lingerie jabots and collars and cuffs.

I should remind you again of the Chez Rosette hats, too. They are all custom-made, average around $12.50, and include lots of small, low-crowned sailors, which tilt over one eye. One that fascinated me was of chartreuse crocheted straw, with parrot feathers shooting off the crown in the most impertinent way.

There are quantities of skilled hairdressers in New York, but finding one like Leonce, 9 East 53rd Street, is still a treat. It is his soul-stirring philosophy that women set their own styles for coiffures and that the hairdresser's humble rôle should be simply to carry out their orders as ingeniously as possible. Thus, he feels that it is the women themselves, not the stylists, who now think that hair should be short in order to make them feel brisk and efficient; he reports that they are far more interested in having their hair look well groomed these days than in fretting over elaborate curlicues. The permanents here (around $15) are good and Leonce's cutting is exceptional; it is a challenge and a delight to him to create



"It might be wise to switch Barrows to some other department, temporarily."

a haircut that can be easily arranged in several ways. Another refreshing note in the salon is the bell on the drier that sounds an alarm when your hair should be dry; everybody comes a-running, instead of leaving you to sulk or to yammer an instant longer than necessary.

ODDS AND ENDS: The newest Revlon performance is a small satin case studded with gold-metal stars and holding five miniature bottles of the firm's most fashionable shades in nail enamel, plus a bottle of Adheron, a white liquid base; $1.50. . . . Shulton, always full of ideas that are as clever as they are quaint, has a new box containing Old Spice products. In it are a sachet and small quantities of talc, soap, and toilet water, as well as (I don't know exactly why) a frame for your best beau's picture. The box, as all Shulton boxes do, becomes a decorative repository for trinkets when the contents are used up. It's a dollar. . . . The Cape Cod Fish Net Industries have helpfully turned their attention to the request of our shops that customers carry home as many of the bundles they acquire as possible. Hence, some vast carryalls of fish net in swell colors, made either in a feed-bag type with a drawstring rope handle ($1.25) or in a dressier two-handle pouch style (around $2). They hold a lot of stuff, and they'd be fun for toting bathing things if you feel such homespun gear too much for city streets. Lord & Taylor and Saks-Fifth have them.

I wonder if priorities are preventing a return to the bicycle clip and the voluminous woollen bloomer. Otherwise, both seem about due. —L. L.

MARKETS AND MENUS

Sparing the Pantry

NOW that not many of us, I hope, have enough sugar in our cupboards to devote much of it to elaborate desserts, the luxurious pastries turned out by the wonder cooks who serve Trade Winds, 56 East 56th Street, take on added significance. Some of the Trade Winds experts have lately been busy learning new tricks, one of which is an utterly delicious fresh-strawberry tart. This is made of the most fragile pastry with symmetrical rows of berries laid over a foundation of delicate cream, the whole thing being beautifully glazed with a light syrup. It has almost the look of a professional pastrymaker's tart, with just enough home touch to enable a hostess to pass it off as a masterpiece from her own kitchen. An apple tart of the same exquisite pastry, but without

—a name on the rise:

HADLEY...

Back in December we said, "It's a new star on the sporting scene. Watch it rise." But we had no idea of the reception this American cashmere sweater would have. It's a meteoric rise . . . rapidly becoming one of the most famous Peck & Peck traditions. Which goes to show that a name like ours, and standards like ours, are things you live by in times like these. The Hadley slipover, 8.95; the cardigan, 10.95.

—it's American for "fine sweaters"

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Navy or black rayon
crepe . . . bright
red cherries at
the waist. $22.95

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SAYS WILLIE THE WHALER,
"Gangway! This tin fish is giving me a Nantucket sleigh ride and I miss my wack of the Saturday night bottles aboard the bark *Wanderer*."

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NEW YORK'S SMART FRENCH RESTAURANT
CUISINE CLASSIQUE · VINS FINS · BAR AMERICAIN
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the cream base, is also wonderfully good. Both these confections must be ordered in advance; on the other hand, a delicious new confection of parched almonds with an almost imperceptible coating of *glacé* sugar is carried by the shop at all times.

Sophie Madsen, of 1183 Third Avenue (69th), that clever Norwegian, whose delicate fish puddings are known all the way to the West Coast, makes a simple but extremely fine lemon-flavored dessert which is something like those sweets known as sponges in old-fashioned cookbooks. It is a great convenience that this does not have to be ordered ahead of time but is always on hand at the shop in big molds or in little individual shapes. The same is true of those fish puddings of hers, which are made in various sizes and forms two or three times a day. There is a cream shrimp sauce to go with them, but the puddings themselves are so very bland that I think it is better to serve them with a more highly seasoned accompaniment made at home. Crab meat done with white wine and mushrooms and cream makes a nice sauce, and so does lobster cooked as if for *américaine*.

To get back to the problem of saving the contents of the sugar bowl for more pressing needs, the crêpes Suzette of Rosemarie de Paris, 697 Fifth Avenue (55th), are invaluable. These delicate morsels are packed in a sauce so well flavored with Puerto Rican curaçao that neither sugar nor extra liqueur need be added. It's a great comfort, too, to have anything so delicious safely tucked away in the pantry against the unexpected arrival of a guest or the unexpected departure of a cook.

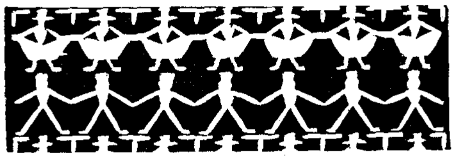
In view of the temporary difficulty in the way of home cake-baking and the permanent difficulty of finding good cake that doesn't have to be ordered in advance, it is a blessing to be able to pick up something dependable in this line at the New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th). A simple, uniced loaf, which suggests a not-very-rich pound cake and which, the Exchange calls English teacake, is as satisfactory as possible for a comfortable home tea. At the same place you'll find some delicate, thin cookies, some of them covered with nuts, which would also be a credit to your kitchen.

STILL with an eye to making the shortage of sugar painless in the home, I recommend investigating the collection of fine honeys at Honey House, 671 Lexington Avenue (56th), where there are a hundred and fifty-odd specimens to choose from. These include all kinds of exotic items, like the famous Greek honey from Hymettus, a Guatemalan product made by bees with a taste for bananas, and various honeys from Australia and New Zealand. There is, too, a quantity of very fine domestic specimens, but there is not much sense in reporting on my own favorites, as the tastes of all honey-fanciers are notoriously arbitrary and personal. Better sample your own way through the fairly heavy pine and sage items to the delicate orange-blossom honey from California and the raspberry one from Wisconsin. I might say, though, that this place has a Canadian product which I like very much, from a Trappist monastery in Quebec. Moreover, a perfectly delicious variety made from the flowers of the tobacco plant is imported from Cuba and sold by Greig, Lawrence & Hoyt, 347 Madison Avenue (45th).

Honey turns up again as sweetening for the very superior dried stuffed fruit put up by Yost of California and sold here at the California Shop, 674 Madison Avenue (61st). No artificial preservatives are used and the fruits are as pure and wholesome as they are good.

IT may not be too early in the season (and in the national emergency) to tell you about some new concentrated foods which I have come across at the Exchange for Woman's Work. What with the likelihood of curtailed delivery service to country places this summer and the certainty of curtailed motoring into town for supplies, foods that take up little storage space and provide ample nourishment may very well come in handy for a lot of families who wouldn't have even considered them a year ago. Most foodstuffs of this nature are such dreary good-for-you products, with no more than an unpleasant taste to recommend them, that it is a relief to find the Exchange ready with some which are not too grim. There are twenty-one vitamin-enriched, dehydrated, and adequately palatable items in the Exchange's collection, and no matter what kind of emergency you may be expecting in the months ahead, you will do very well, I think, to investigate them.

Easily the best of the lot, to my taste, is a chicken noodle soup. The makings of this trick number, which come in a



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Caresskin Glace, in I. Miller colors, **3.95**
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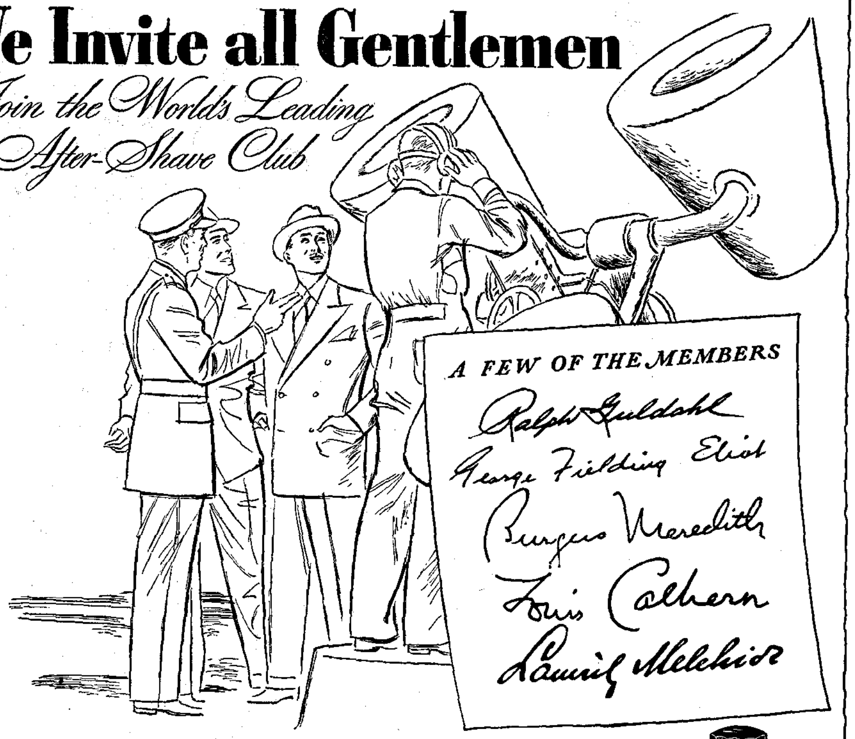

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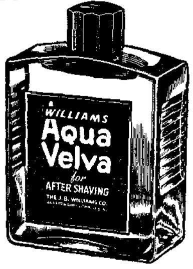

jar, consist of some very good noodles, dried broth and seasonings, a golden, gelatin-coated nugget containing a tablespoonful of pure chicken fat, and a small capsule of Vitamin B_1 and Vitamin D concentrates. To make use of these ingredients, everything except the capsule is simmered in water just long enough to cook the noodles and then taken from the fire. At this point the vitamins are added, and there's your soup, which is pleasantly flavored and which, if you put your trust in dietetics at all, certainly ought to keep you in good shape. A jar whose contents are sufficient to serve six costs only twenty-five cents, which gives you an idea of the reasonable price of these products. The collection also includes a chocolate-flavored milk drink, which, although it involves such horrors as fish-liver oil, actually tastes nice and chocolaty; some dehydrated lemon crystals, to take the place of fresh lemon juice; and a mixture of ground soy beans, gluten, peanuts, wheat, and seasonings, which, when fried in patties, tastes like chopped steak. There is also a dehydrated spice-cake batter, rather better than some commercial cake mixes I've tried, but my feeling about this is that if you are going in for emergency diets at all, you might as well do without cake altogether until you can have a rich, indigestible confection without any vitamins.

—S. H.

•

ADDRESS TO THE SILKWORM

GOVERNMENT WILL PUT NYLON IN MONEY, BANNING JAPANESE SILK
—*Headline in the Times.*

Hence, loathèd worm that shuttles slow,
Weaving the fabric of the Foe.
Be off, begone, be strictly lacking.
Last year we thought to send you
    packing
By banishing your alien arts
From ladies' hose if not their hearts.
Now the last reckoning is due.
So scram, you hostile insect, you.

No more forbidden silk shall render
Our bills authentic legal tender.
Henceforward in my purse shall caper
A currency whose simple paper
Must mingle dubiously there
With something fashioned out of air.
And all my fortune shall be laid on
Such fragile stuff as dreams are made
    on.

(A situation which to me
Could scarce be termed a novelty.)

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Canadian Travelogue

A MAP might be a useful thing to have around while you are watching "The Invaders." Unless you know your Canada very well indeed, it may be a little difficult to follow the trip of the Nazis who land at Hudson Bay, get eventually to Banff, and then arrive—or, at least, one of them does—at Niagara. The film is quite a fascinating lesson in geography and the most thorough travelogue of the north country that I have seen. I can't say that I found it particularly alarming as a warning of what may be going to happen to us, although I suppose we have to expect the crews of stray U-boats to ramble into our beach cottages this summer, take over for a brief while, put in some long-distance calls, and smash up our decadent Quimper ware. In this picture a half-dozen Nazis find themselves stranded at a Hudson Bay trading post, which they rather too easily manage to get into their hands, and then proceed south with the somewhat grandiose notion of capturing all Canada before they are through, an act which the Führer would admire.

One by one, in the course of some lively adventure, they are snipped off, and only a single survivor reaches the American border. Though their long trip across the continent is full of excitement, it doesn't incline them to silence and they are a talky lot, which some spectators may find tedious. There are interesting episodes, however, such as their visit to the Hutterites, a religious sect embedded in the wilderness, which they hope, in vain, to convert to Hitlerism. The worthy Hutterites, though of German ancestry, are outraged and send them skedaddling. Two survivors (for practically every incident means the death of one of their party, and it is well toward the end of the film now) bolt into the luxury camp of a gentleman of leisure, who is cordial at first, invites them into his wigwam, and shows them his Matisse, his Picasso, and his copy of "The Magic Mountain." This scholarly and artistic type, played by no less an expert at such rôles than Leslie Howard, naturally outrages their finer feelings, and there is a shocking moment when he finds himself bound hand and foot and forced to look upon the burning of his treasures. With the help of his native servitors he is the victor at last, and only one Nazi is left to conquer Canada or escape to the States, which have not yet entered the war. How this Nazi, too, is foiled in both his schemes makes for an exciting finale almost right on top of Niagara Falls, with Raymond Massey all at once turning up as a Canadian soldier A.W.O.L. By this time we feel that we have travelled far and that much has happened and that Canada, after all, is not too easy a country for the enemy to outwit or ensnare. Those vast, open spaces, full of bears and religious sects, might appall the most daring. I should call "The Invaders" one of the more reassuring pictures of the season and one generally exciting.

NAZIS also cause trouble, considerable trouble, in "The Lady Has Plans," and again they are duly thwarted and we may feel more comfortable than ever. The lady of the piece is a wicked Mata Hari and those plans of hers (what they are plans of we are never told) are outlined on her back in invisible ink. Disguised as an honest newspaper girl, she is to carry them to Lisbon, but things go wrong and a real newspaper girl (Paulette Goddard) gets the Clipper ahead of her, which very much confuses British, German, and American spies, all awaiting the Mata Hari. Lisbon life as we find it here is what the last generation knew as pure, undiluted E. Phillips Oppenheim, full of hideaways down curving stone staircases, rich restaurants, knockout drops, and tricky schemings. At last the Allies triumph. They get the plans, by outrageous maneuvering, right off the wicked woman's beautiful back, and even, finally, the gallant hero (Ray Milland) is able to make a broadcast at the expected time. There were moments, though, when it looked tough and the Wilhelmstrasse seemed to be about to get the plans and the poor, honest little newspaper girl and everything.

—JOHN MOSHER

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From "The Heart of Another," by Martha Gellhorn*]

He helped her up the cement steps of the viaduct and they walked behind each other, alongside the great oil tube on the narrow footbridge.

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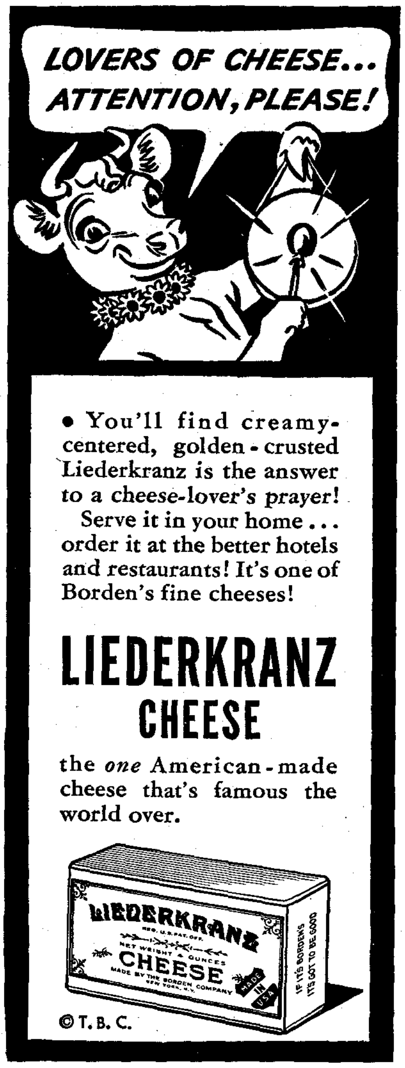

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THE ARMY LIFE

XIII—ON THE MARCH

AN amateur etymologist I know sent me a detailed report a while ago on the derivation of the word "infantry," which I have frequently had occasion to reflect on, in the course of learning how to become part of it, at Camp Croft, South Carolina. "Infantry," my friend wrote, correctly or not, inherited its current definition from the French word "*enfant*," a term applied with impartiality to children and foot soldiers. By the old proposition that if X equals Y and Y equals Z, X and Z must be reasonably alike, "infantry" is related to the Latin root of "*enfant*," "*infans*," which means "not speaking" and applies on the whole to childhood rather than foot soldiers. Any absent-minded classics professor, accordingly, asked for his opinion of the U.S. Infantry, would be linguistically justified in answering, after an appropriate clearing of his throat, "Ah, yes, the dumb ones." Actually, of course, the main distinction of the infantry is not so much its inarticulateness or mental defectiveness as the fact that it travels on its feet, thus setting it apart from the rest of the Army, which travels, as everyone knows, on its stomach.

At Camp Croft, my fellow-selectees and I began to prepare for the martial marathons we may someday be required to participate in by taking a couple of three-mile hikes, and we ended up about two months later with an all-day march that covered, various members of my group estimated, somewhere between fifteen and twenty miles. Many of the boys were surprised at their ability to survive this ordeal, having decided, on our first three-miler, that to ask a soldier to walk as much as four or five miles would be to ask the impossible. On all these strolls, long and short, we carried rifles and either light or full packs, the difference being that the last, in addition to some portable odds and ends soldiers almost invariably tote, include a blanket roll for theoretical use on occasions when they sleep out.

On hikes we travel at what is called route step, which obliges us to keep more or less in line but otherwise privileges us to assume any gait we find comfortable and to talk, provided we do not violate the Army's notion of marching decorum. Singing, for instance, is permissible when troops are not passing through areas, such as hospital zones, where it would be unappreciated. Other musical offerings, however, are generally discouraged. Several members of my platoon, a rhythmical crew given to spontaneous outbursts of all kinds, created a lively clatter one afternoon by marching along with kazoos rasping away in their mouths. This vigorous, if asymphonic, accompaniment to our progress was shortly halted by an officer, possibly because he was unwilling to recognize the kazoo as a musical instrument, possibly because he has a sensitive ear. Although the morale division has never specifically urged us to sing while swinging along highways, we usually burst into music, when starting off on a hike, before the first milestone is reached, vociferating some such richly harmonic air as "I Only Want a Buddy, Not a Sweetheart." By the time we have passed the second or third milestone and have dispatched "I've Been Working on the Railroad" and "Love's Old Sweet Song," the chorus begins to ebb, its members in many cases having become more concerned with incipient blisters than the theory of counterpoint.

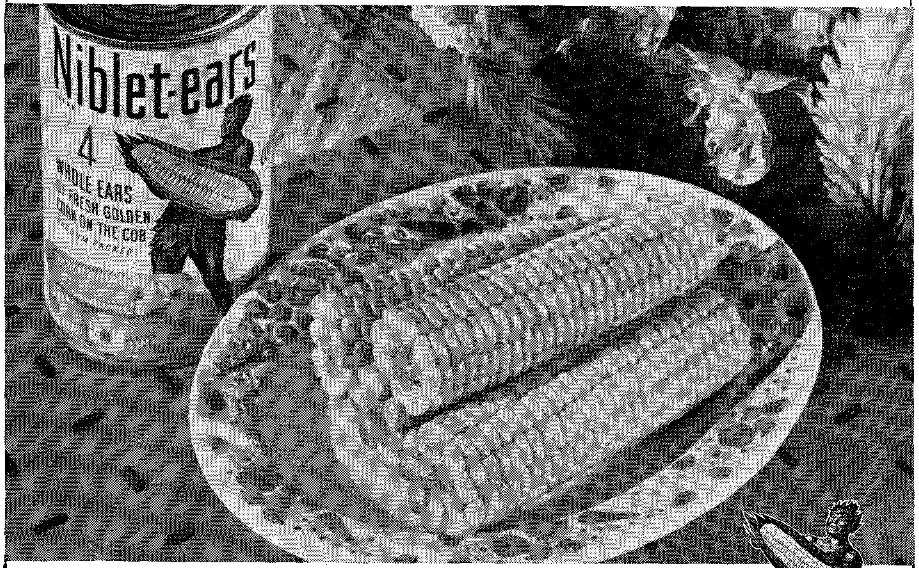
THERE are certain precepts we are urged to observe when undertaking a hike. For one thing, we are warned to fill ourselves with water before starting, in the best camel tradition. Once we get under way we have only a canteenful of water apiece, or about a quart, to last us the rest of the day, and if we rashly lap this up too soon after the start, our pores will never forgive us. We are further advised to use a pair of broken-in shoes and to douse them liberally with foot powder. These bits of footlore were first imparted to us before we started on one ten-miler by our company commander, a man who also attempted to inform us of the peculiar position occupied by the infantry in the military world. "Tanks run out of gas," he said soberly, "and horses have to stop to be fed, but the infantry keeps going on. When you think you can't move another step, you'll walk a mile and then fight a battle." Thus pepped up, we started out. One of the boys boldly announced, just beforehand, his intention of drinking no water at all until the end of the hike. To bolster his resolve, he emptied his canteen on the ground with a flourish. He had the respect of the entire company until, at a ten-minute break less than an hour later, he was observed trying to borrow a canteen from a man in another company. "Just one little *sip*," pleaded our deflated and dehydrated hero.

It is customary, at least in the thirteen-week period of basic training, for selected Yosians like myself to march for fifty minutes and then rest for ten. At route step, we are supposed to cover two and a half miles between breaks. When we get a rest we flop down on the sides of the road, taking the weight off our feet as quickly as possible and sometimes astonishing passing motorists by presenting to them a picture of utter relaxation as they cruise, no doubt complaining about the sorry state of their armed forces, through our exhausted and recumbent ranks.

IT is probably safe to say that the average fledgling soldier, while making a march which, if it is not forced, is certainly not effortless, rarely burdens himself with extraneous and possibly weighty thoughts. The lyrics of the songs we sing come automatically to our practiced tongues; the hearty salutations we sometimes address to small boys dotting the wayside require little mental preparation. Although we occasionally cause ourselves untold suffering and annoy our neighbors by voicing random thoughts —references, for example, to tinkling drinks, Miami Beach, Sun Valley, Lana Turner, any other girl, or a foot bath —for the most part we muse only on the approximate distance to the next objective in our path. A bend in the road or the top of a hill is a satisfactory goal; once attained, it is instantly discarded in favor of some other landmark on our frontal horizon. No soldier I have met ever thinks about the final objective until it is actually in sight or until some familiar outpost looms comfortingly in view. One of my friends at Camp Croft tried to divert himself during our latest and longest hike by counting his steps; he kept at this self-appointed task until he had reached the number of six hundred, at which point, looking over his shoulder and finding the starting line still distressingly visible, he abandoned his formidable scheme. Later on some mathematician in the platoon figured, basing his calculations on a two-foot step and an eighteen-mile course, that during the day each of us had taken 47,520 steps, with but a single pair of feet.

Shortly before the halfway mark, or 23,760th step, of this hike, I was sure that I would never finish it. I was distracted from this glum suspicion by

4 Matched Ears in a Can



EAT Niblet-ears Brand Corn "mouth organ" style, just like fresh corn. Here are practically custom-made ears of corn. Special seed was developed, so these ears would grow to corn instead of to cob. You get more corn for the money; you do not pay for the large, ordinary-type cob. Packed in vacuum to hold that "Back-on-the-Farm" flavor. At your grocer's.

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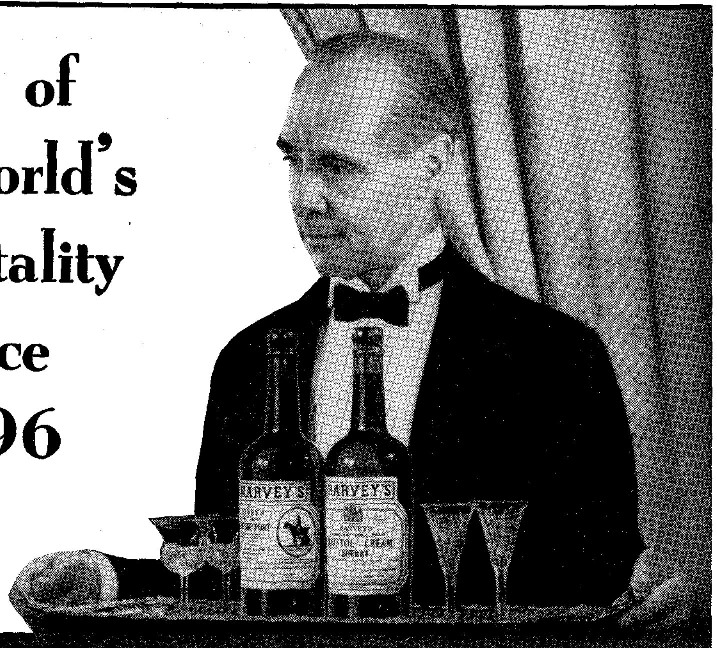

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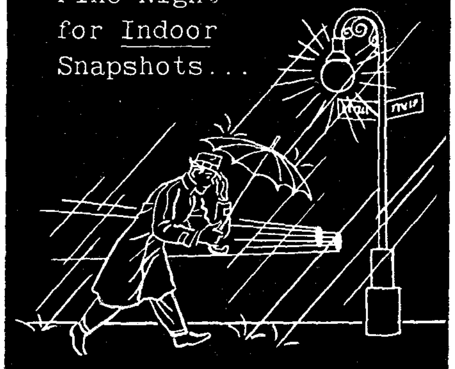

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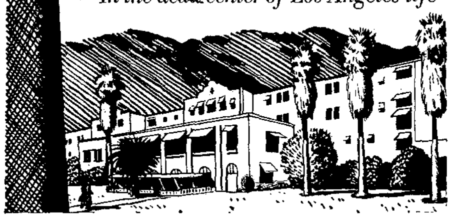
“In the ~~dead~~ center of Los Angeles life”



a fleet of mess trucks which drove bumpily into a field where we were resting and dispensed some welcome nourishment. At the twelfth mile I was positive I had reached the limit of my endurance, especially after running up a steep and seemingly endless hill. (One of the darkest and most inexplicable military secrets is why whenever the infantry tackles an ascending slope, it does so at double time. Within my experience, no one has ever been able to explain this whimsical phenomenon, and the infantry, cursing, keeps trotting along uphill.) At the fifteenth mile I was swept by a wave of confidence and figured that I could go on forever. This may have been caused by the fact that I was capable of little feeling at all from the waist down, being in that gentle and pleasant state of numbness reputedly familiar to all people who are just about to freeze to death. With only half a mile to go, or having covered the length of Manhattan almost one and a half times, not counting the Egyptian Wing of the Metropolitan Museum, we were called to attention by our commanding officer and marched in briskly, chins up, shoulders back, eyes glazed. Finishing a long march at attention is, I'm told, a military tradition; its purpose would seem to be both to convince the marchers that they have plenty of reserve strength and to indicate to any skeptical onlooker waiting, vulturelike, on the homestretch that we are not easy pickings. A few minutes later I couldn't help thinking, as I slipped my shoes off luxuriously, how surprised my grandfather, who has a country house near White Plains and has always upbraided me for not taking short walks around the grounds, would be if I showed up unexpectedly some Sunday, dropped my rifle and pack in his favorite chair, and revealed calmly that I had just impulsively strolled up from New York for a potluck dinner.

—PVT. E. J. KAHN, JR.

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WHICH COLUMN OF PAGE 4 OF THE "TIMES-HERALD" D'YA READ?

Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden invoked the aid of wartime regulations tonight to duck the demand that the British Foreign Office should open its portals to admit women into the diplomatic service.—*Washington (D.C.) Times-Herald, January 16th, page 4, column 4.*

Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden expressed his readiness today to allow women, purely as a wartime measure, to be considered for temporary appointments of the administrative grade in the Foreign Office.—*Same paper, same edition, same page, column 8.*

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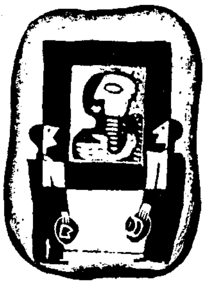
THE ART GALLERIES

Three Dreamers

WHAT is surrealism? What is its message for us? How can we best reach an understanding of the principles behind this latest and most controversial school of painting? These are questions I have no intention of trying to answer in this article, in spite of the fact that we have three painters on our list this week who are more or less influenced by the surrealist method—Darrel Austin, André Masson, and Walter Quirt—and that a fine chance for something really glittering in the way of theorizing is thus created. Too much, to my mind, has already been written about the "meaning" and "importance" of surrealism, and what's needed now is not further elaboration but simplification. Of its importance there can hardly be any question; the number of younger artists who are being drawn into the school is proof of that. Its meaning, however, is something else again.



As in all art movements, each new member of this school has changed by a little the intention of its founders, and it would be as foolish to judge surrealism solely by the dream-content stuff which formed its first stock in trade as it would be to judge the whole range of Impressionist art by the prismatic theories of light its early proponents laid so much stress on. Schools of art, like other group manifestations, have a way of outgrowing their founders, and it's my feeling that surrealism in the end will be seen quite simply as a romantic revival, with perhaps its greatest contribution lying in its development of the free use of pictorial metaphor as an adjunct to the storytelling side of art. But that is theorizing.

It may seem that I am on shaky ground in counting Darrel Austin as a surrealist. A new crop of his oils is on view at the Perls, and at first sight those queer, swampy scenes he paints, with their frog-legged nymphs and chill lighting, show little resemblance to the usual output of the school. Their mood, however, is essentially dreamlike, and certainly he could hardly have painted as he does if the surrealists as a group had not opened a way for him into the world of watery somnambulism he explores. Indeed, my feeling is that he might be a stronger and more flexible artist if he made fuller use of their method, at least to the extent of developing a richer, more varied symbolism to convey his ideas. What his work mainly suffers from now is monotony, both of mood and of subject matter; it is as if he had made one step into the subconscious and then, caught in the very marshlands that he paints, had refused to go further, and despite the brilliance of the individual pieces, there's a repetitiveness about his new show that I found discouraging. Even as it is, of course, he remains one of the most original and promising young talents that have appeared in some seasons; his big "Spirits of the Stream" and "The Tree Legend" and the smaller, more delicately handled "Lady of the Windbell" bear witness to that. All I wish is that soon he will have a different dream.

THOUGH there may be some question about Austin's status as a surrealist, there can be none about André Masson's or Walter Quirt's, for the first, who is now in this country, was long active in the Paris branch of the movement and the second was one of its earliest exponents here. Quirt's paintings are on view at the Pinacotheca, and I was glad to note that his new work shows a solidity and assurance that have sometimes been lacking in the past. There are still traces of those old stylistic uncertainties that seemed to confuse his earlier work, and he has not quite fought free of all his influences; there are touches of Miró in some of the canvases and of Picasso in others, while the texture of his painting varies—somewhat capriciously, it appeared to me—from smooth, hard glazes to a surface that is curiously chalky and brittle. But these are only minor objections when set against the imaginative scope and rhythmic power of the work as a whole, and in such pieces as his "Which Is Victory, Which Is Defeat?," with its great rout of playing-card warriors running in a whirl of flags and draperies, and the even more brilliantly composed "We Took the Escalator of History," he reveals himself as a forceful and vigorous artist indeed.

I was a little less enthusiastic about the Massons. These are to be seen in what amounts to a double-barrelled exhibition; the Buchholz is showing his paintings, and a set of his drawings and

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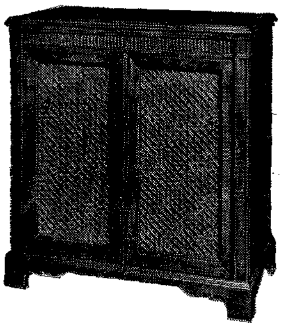

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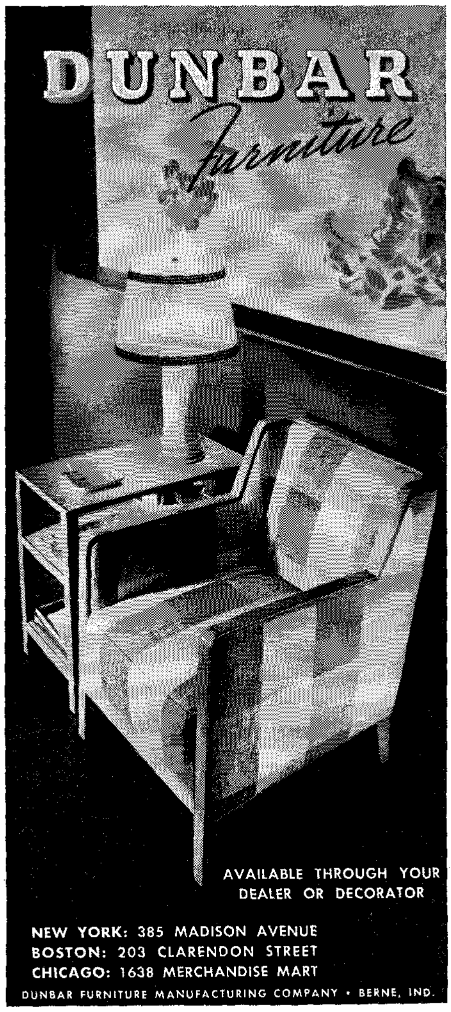

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etchings is on view at the Marion Willard, next door. It was the paintings that troubled me most, and it's not easy to determine why. Taste is there, to be sure, and even in his most violent color passages there is a feeling for tonal harmony that carries things off. In his textures he shows himself to be interesting, and inventive too. I think my main objection lies deeper, in a notion that in a good many of his paintings too much has been made of too little and—as in "The Sleeper," for instance, or the still more involved "The Nasturtium"—a basically simple idea has been compelled to carry more elaboration than it will bear. The drawings, on the other hand, seemed to me to be extremely successful. Crisp, clear, and done with an almost Japanese delicacy of line, they run mainly to fanciful landscapes, in which trees are as likely as not to sprout faces or hills to take on human forms. I liked pretty much all of them.

DON'T miss the group of nineteenth-century French paintings at the Bignou. It ranges from a lusty Daumier, "Les Deux Buveurs," to three swell Cézannes, with such pieces as a lyrical small Renoir, "Jeune Femme dans un Paysage," and a rare Seurat still-life, called "Vase de Fleurs," filling in the years between. . . . The collection of contemporary Czecho-Slovakian paintings and sculptures at the Demotte Galleries is worth seeing too, if only for the view it affords of a sector of European art that heretofore has been hardly known here and that now, I suppose, is completely disrupted by the Nazi occupation. Most of it, I'm sorry to say, is fairly heavy-handed in manner, but I noted a bold, ruddy landscape by Vaclav Spala and a more sombre one by Rudolf Kremlicka that seemed pleasing. Oskar Kokoschka, who is perhaps the only internationally known Czech artist, is represented by three canvases, among them his famous portrait of Masaryk. . . . At the Macbeth, they are featuring nineteenth-century Americans in a loan show that closes this Saturday. A fine, small George Inness, "Italian Landscape," very sunny and serene, leads the group, which also includes a lively Winslow Homer, "Weaning the Calf," and a singularly vigorous figure painting by William M. Chase called "The Leader." —ROBERT M. COATES

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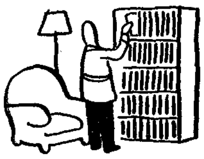
BOOKS

Two Ways to Win the War



FOR all its qualities, John Steinbeck's "The Moon Is Down" strikes me as unsatisfactory on two counts. It's form is deceiving and its message is inadequate.

The publishers, presumably with the author's knowledge, call it a novel. At the most lavish estimate, the story hardly runs beyond forty thousand words, all quite short and simple words, too. Many current novels, it may be argued, would gain by reduction to forty thousand words, but it does not follow that forty thousand words make up a current novel. I fear "The Moon Is Down" is a novel only in a Steinbeckian sense.

The deception, however, goes deeper. The fact is that Mr. Steinbeck's book is not a narrative at all but a play equipped with a few casual disguises. The entire construction is dramatic. The dialogue is play dialogue, not novel dialogue (and there is a sharp difference); the whole affair settles naturally into scenes and acts. It reads well but it plays much better than it reads, and you're apt to find yourself puzzled, as you turn the pages, by the absence of footlights. Indeed, I feel strongly that a dramatic critic would be far better equipped to review the book and that it has strayed into these columns through some error. Come to think of it, Mr. Steinbeck's "Of Mice and Men" was also a play disguised as a story, and was rather more effective after the false whiskers had been removed.

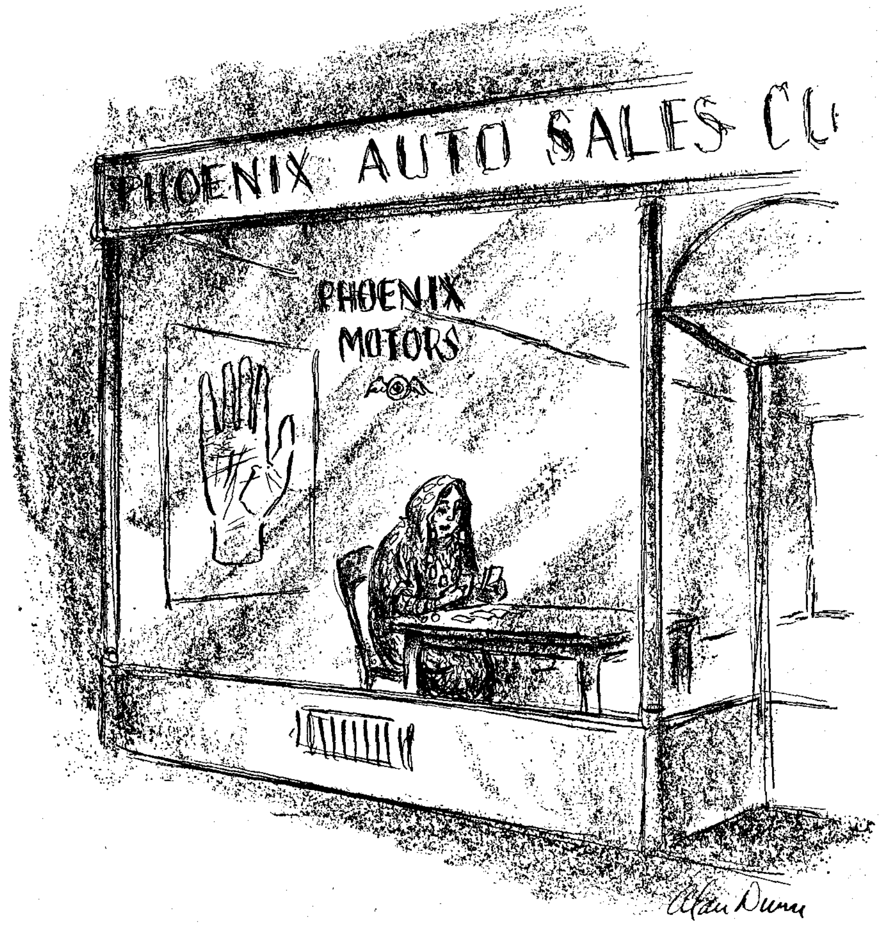
This lack of candor about the form of the book may not bother you at all. What may well be worrisome, though, is the inadequacy of the story's central feeling. "The Moon Is Down," like "Of Mice and Men," is a melodrama. It says with great dexterity things every one of us would love to believe, but for all that it remains a melodrama, which would not be to its discredit were it not obvious that Mr. Steinbeck is aiming at something loftier.

"The Moon Is Down" demonstrates, in terms of sound and even momentarily moving action, that the free spirit of man is unbreakable. The scene is never named (I find this annoying; others may find it an effective device), but it seems to be Norway. The invaders are not named, either, but we may as well come out with it: Mr. Steinbeck means the N-zis. The town with which the story deals is delivered up by Fifth Columnists, and the totalitarians settle down to what they call the "engineering job" of gearing it into their military-industrial economy. In the course of this effort they shoot, maim, torture, and rape, but to no avail. They are opposed by subtle sabotage, by weapons dropped into the natives' hands from English planes, by a free spirit which is so much stronger than the slave spirit of the invaders that in the end it is the conquerors who grow afraid of the conquered, it is the ruthless soldiers who grow neurotic. As the Nazi Colonel Lanser broodingly puts it, "We will shoot this man and make twenty new enemies. It's the only thing we know, the only thing we know."

Now, I submit that this is simply too easy, that it is a melodramatic simplification of the issues involved. The simplification is based on the notion that in the end good will triumph because it is good and evil will fail because it is evil. With all our hearts we would like to think this true, and that is why melodrama is a popular form of literature. But it is hardly the most elevated form.

Many of us perhaps have been wondering of late why plays such as "Candle in the Wind" (of which Mr. Steinbeck's book is a more professional version) are, for all their splendid sentiment, somehow unsatisfactory. I suppose it is because this war is bigger and more terrible than their authors seem to admit. How shall we put it? If we cease to love freedom, we are lost, but the love of freedom alone cannot win for us. That appears to be the gray truth of the matter, and it is, let us confess, not the kind of truth that inspires exciting plays and novels. Most of our imaginative anti-Fascist literature has rested upon the stirring reiteration of sentiments to which our hearts give allegiance. But it is becoming increasingly clear that this form of spiritual patriotism is not only not enough but may even impede the war effort, because it fills us with a specious satisfaction, it makes our victory seem "inevitable," it seduces us to rest on the oars of our own moral superiority.

I like a fine phrase as well as the next man. I would like to believe, with Mr. Steinbeck, that "it is always the herd men who win battles and the free men who win wars." In the long run perhaps that is true, but everybody now alive is a short runner, and it is perfectly possible for Hitler to annihilate most



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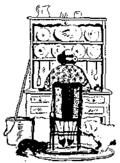

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of us. Once we get interested in winning this war for our remote posterity, it is half lost. Why not win it for ourselves? And if we are to win it for ourselves, we will, I fear, hardly be helped by the noble message in "The Moon Is Down" and in dozens of similar works full of high intentions; we can be helped only by the blood, toil, tears, and sweat of which Mr. Churchill has spoken. We no longer need to be told we are in the right, for we know it. We wish to be told only how we may make that right prevail.

I fear this sermon has obscured the fact that "The Moon Is Down" is a tense story (or play), written with great economy and with a certain grim humor, too. Its characters we have met before in other anti-Nazi books and dramas, but here they are more sharply minted and their dialogue is recorded with precise, if limited, insight. If you read the book quickly and do not reflect upon it, it seems extraordinarily powerful. If you read it slowly and with deliberation, it seems merely extraordinarily skillful.

FOR my money, give me "Defense Will Not Win the War," by a hard-boiled, wide-visioned, and rudely anti-brass-hat American, Lieutenant Colonel W. F. Kernan. Since I am without competence in military matters, all I can do is record my impression that Colonel Kernan's book makes more sense in its hundred and ninety-three vigorous pages than have most of the ponderous tomes of what are known as the experts. It is quite possible that the Colonel has written for us what the Cassandra de Gaulle wrote for his people in 1934. It is hard to believe that we will pay as little attention to him in these post-Pearl Harbor days as the French did to de Gaulle eight years ago.

Colonel Kernan discusses a great many matters, but his argument boils down to three principles:

1. Sea power is indecisive without land power. This involves a refutation of the Mahan theory, upon which our whole strategy has heretofore been based.

2. Defensive land power is doomed. Here the Colonel drives home for us the hard lessons of Manila, Singapore, Sumatra—and of France.

3. Offensive land power is only to be gained by the disposal of major forces, including air forces, in a continental theatre. This means to Colonel Kernan that we must turn east, not west; that is, we must not fall into Hitler's trap, which is leading us into devoting our

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energies to a defensive campaign against Japan. In other words, we must launch a major land offensive in Europe. Where? Italy, says the Colonel. How? Unfortunately, he is very unsatisfactory on this point.

The main interest of this book does not lie in its specific recommendations; it lies in its attempt to demonstrate that slogans are not enough, the Four Freedoms are not enough, production is not enough, a war of attrition is not enough, fleets of bombers are not enough. Only offense will win this war for the United Nations, as defense so far has lost it for them. If the Colonel's arguments are generally confirmed by authorities, this would seem a first-rate book to place in every private's knapsack and every bluejacket's duffelbag and on every congressman's desk. At any rate, no thoughtful citizen should avert his eyes from what "Defense Will Not Win the War" has to say.—CLIFTON FADIMAN

VERSE

"FIVE YOUNG AMERICAN POETS: SECOND SERIES, 1941" is of a tone decidedly different from that of the first series, published last year. Young American poets (three of the contributors were born in 1913), if this book is any indication, are beginning to climb out from the ruined abbeys and underground passages of the imagination, a setup which held them all through the nineteen-thirties. They are beginning to be able to look around them with some freedom, to describe actual scenes without the Gothic adjuncts of rats and bones, and even, on occasion, to laugh at themselves. Auden pointed the way toward this release, but young poets of this generation have up to now tended to take over Auden's tricks of style, not his healthiness of mind. The five poets—Clark Mills, Paul Goodman, Karl Shapiro, David Schubert, and Jeanne McGahey—are able to comment on their scene without dryness or depression. Miss McGahey is working under an elaborate set of aesthetic rules and should not write the fustian poetic drama she has here produced; what matters is that she has sensibilities, of which she is not ashamed. Paul Goodman is more a clever dialectician than a poet, but he can let down at times and write of the noble Hudson River. Clark Mills suffers a little from too close a contact with literature, but his mind and heart are in the right places. David Schubert manages to suffuse the surrealist technique with gaiety. Karl Shapiro is the prize of the lot. His group of poems, called "Noun," illustrates dra-

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matically what is happening in the American imagination, as exemplified at its most sensitive in a young poet of twenty-nine.

Shapiro says in his foreword (all these young people have been given space to present their theories of art), "The reader will see that I write about myself, my house, my street, and my city, and not about 'America,' the word that is the chief enemy of modern poetry." He believes, that is, in the worth of the concrete and the individual as against the glitter of the abstraction. He writes about the public park, the drugstore, the automobile accident, the fun of driving a new Buick. He casts an ironic eye on the movies, Washington Cathedral, the State of Virginia and its university, Poe's legend, a cemetery. The poem "Necropolis" should be read by all those who plowed through the turbid and crass poetic "class-angling," five years ago at its height. Here economic truths about class distinctions, even among the dead, are revealed, but how imaginatively, with what penetration and restraint!

Karl Shapiro is now a private in the Army, and these early poems may presage no future. The poet may eventually turn into a variety of things, including a script-writer for the movies, but I venture to predict that he will remain a poet and that his work will become a sort of touchstone for his generation.

THE detached reviewer steers clear of his friends and enemies. The work of both is best dealt with briefly or put into other hands. Having piled up, I think, a good record in these necessary procedures, I feel myself free to write of a book by a friend of twenty years' standing, who has done me the honor to put my name on his dedication page. "Out of the Jewel," by Rolfe Humphries, for one reason or another, has waited a long time for publication. Perhaps this delay has been all to the good. Humphries' volume, because it appears in the author's forties, is that rare thing in modern American literature, a slowly developing spiritual history, the steps of which the sensitive reader may trace from beginning to end. The poet proves here, by implication, the classic truth, in our day a painfully demonstrable clinical fact, that each man must save his soul in his own fashion. Humphries has bravely put down, for example, his whole history as a fellow-traveller, from early enthusiasm to the final tendering of his resignation from one of the travellers' institutions. He has set down an inner development ranging from youthful rebellion

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Fifth Avenue at 59th Street

e to mature acceptance and
mphries is a lyricist, a man at
he humanities (he teaches
iving), and a translator of
His renderings of Lorca
e included, are true evo-
riginals, not verbal plaster
riety of the book is a sign
ess of Humphries' char-
es not jib at including a
r joke along with lyrics
istillation of music. These
the meditative and subtle
poser of songs in the high-
Schumann, Wolf, Duparc.
an American musician ap-
delicate but firm lyrics of
he Jewel" will be waiting for

or art needs to be hard, con-
l durable." Humphries quotes
nous remark at the beginning
One might add that a minor
ι major character behind it,
y skilled at making the music
able of facing it.

—LOUISE BOGAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

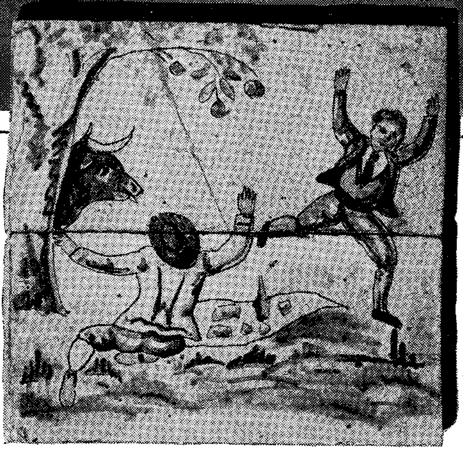
FICTION

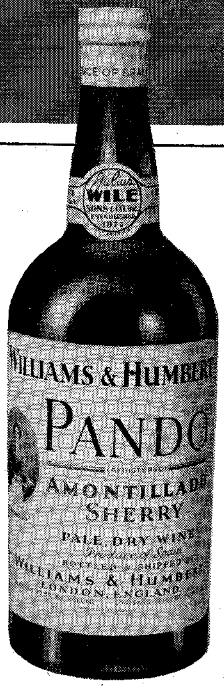
SUN CLIMBS SLOW, by Julia Davis. A sensitive and delicate story of an American woman who temporarily adopts two Spanish refugee children and finds that she is about to adopt their father too. The background of the Spanish civil war is done convincingly; the small boy and girl are themselves interesting, which is unusual for children in novels. On the whole, an appealing book.

HAPPY EVER AFTER, by Beatrice Kean Seymour. The story of an Englishwoman, member of an old county family, who marries a London gambler and adventurer. Even after she has left her husband, his shadow is always threatening her, and he finally comes back, many years later, in time to spoil a new and better marriage. A grim tale in an attractive rural setting.

MAN CANNOT TELL, by Philip Lightfoot Scruggs. American historical novel of the week. This one is about Bacon's Rebellion (1676). It has all the standard items: pioneers, the frontier, Indians, trappers, a revolt against the royal governor's tyranny, and a triangle—two women and a man. Mr. Scruggs manages everything capably and with a lot of dash.

THE LADY IN THE MASK, by Anne Green. Italy during the Renaissance. A clever, brightly colored costume piece, with a thieving, conniving, and





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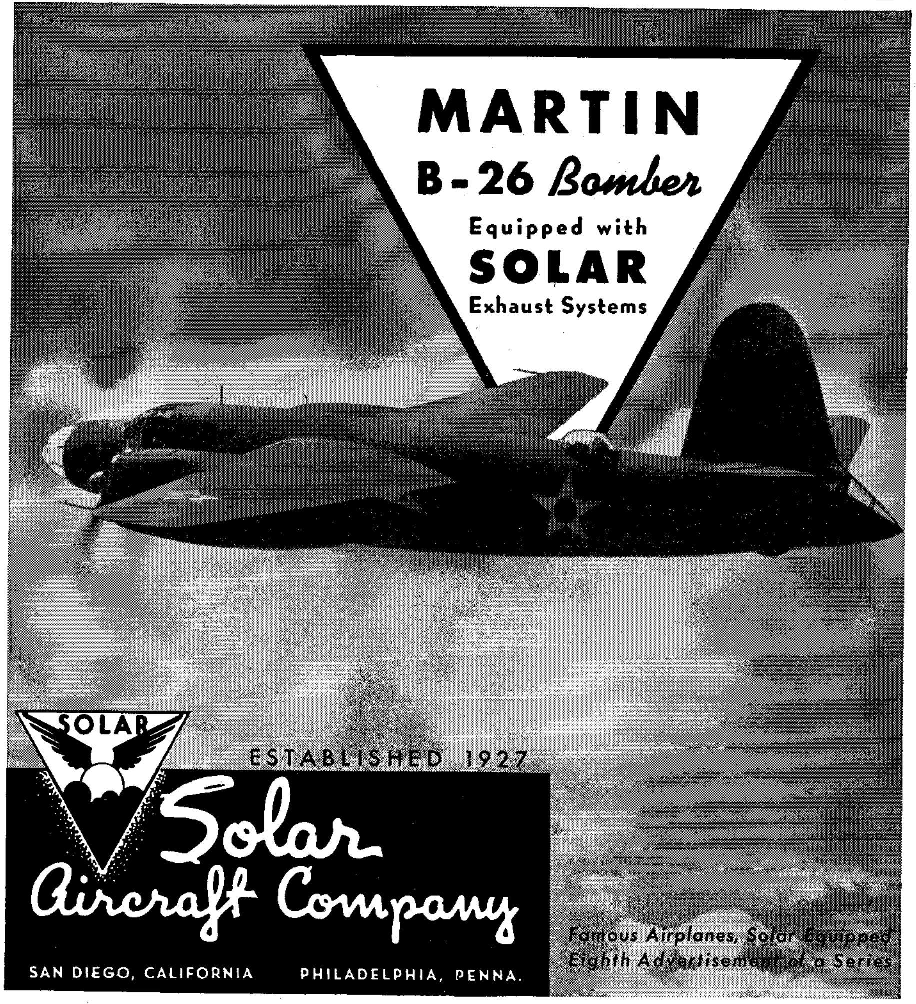

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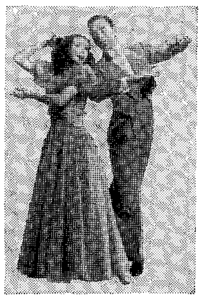

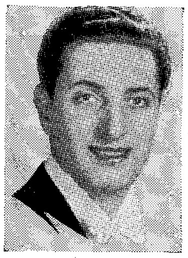

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amusing rogue as the chief character. A romantic reconstruction of a romantic period, with a complicated and not very important plot and plenty of entertaining characters.

SAM SMALL FLIES AGAIN, by Eric Knight. Contains ten stories about, or involving, Mr. Knight's celebrated Yorkshire Paul Bunyan, the classic "Flying Yorkshireman," who is here again together with several other amusing fancies.

GENERAL

COMMODORE VANDERBILT, by Wheaton J. Lane. Full-length biography of the first notable Vanderbilt: a well-balanced portrait, plus a detailed but readable account of the Commodore's operations by sea (ferry to steamship lines), land (the railroad wars), and air (spiritualism and the mediumistic Claflin sisters). A scholarly job. Illustrations and maps.

TOTAL VICTORY, by Stephen King-Hall. An English publicist argues that political warfare can furnish nearly half the strength necessary to defeat the Nazis if it carries within it the seeds of a planned democratic peace acceptable to the German people. Persuasively written.

ATLANTIC ORDEAL, by Elspeth Huxley. The story of forty-seven survivors of the torpedoed British evacuee ship City of Benares, including six boys, who rode out storms for eight days in an open boat before they were picked up. A short, baldly dramatic narrative. Photographs.

OUR HAWAII, by Erna Fergusson. Colorful, lavish, expertly written appreciation of the variegated Hawaiian life before the war, together with observations on the several islands, a visit to Pearl Harbor, folklore, the real hula, economic paternalism, etc. Photographs and maps.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE APPREHENSIVE DOG, by H. C. Bailey. Sprightly tale of a lady who is found with a broken neck in the English village of Marston. The lady has a past involving some of the best people in the country. Reggie Fortune is the amiable, humorous investigator.

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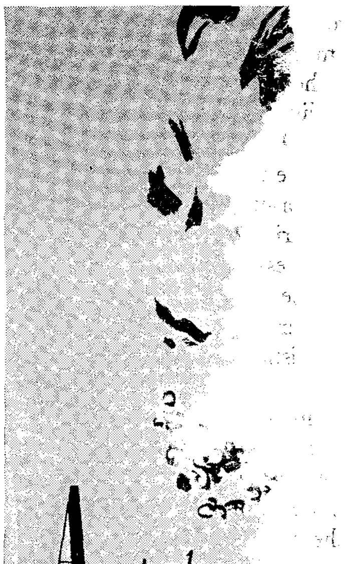
METHODIST YOUTH SESSION

A Methodist conference-wide youth session will be held February 13 to 15 in Centenary Wilbur Methodist Church. Lollapalooza. —*Portland (Ore.) Journal.*

Amen.



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